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MARCH, 1913
VOL. XVII. NO. 145

THE THEATRE

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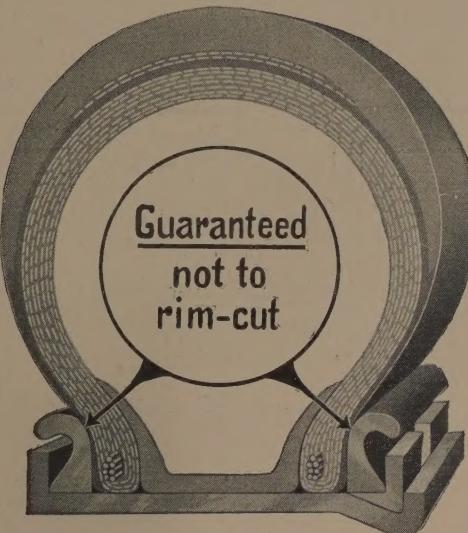
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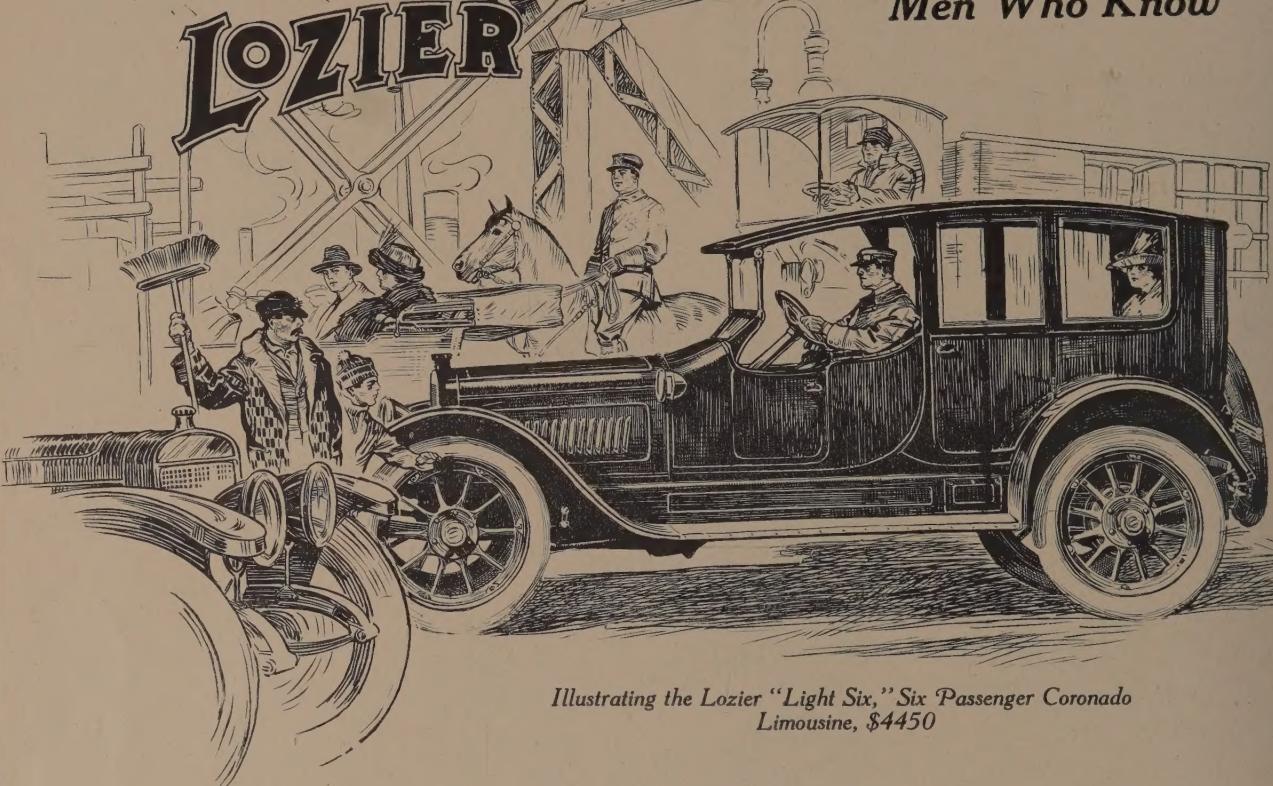
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SUBSCRIPTION: Yearly subscription, in advance, \$3.50

Foreign countries, add \$1.00 for mail

Canada, add 85c

Single copies, 35 cents

LONDON:
On sale at Daw's Steamship Agency,
17 Green St., Leicester Sq.

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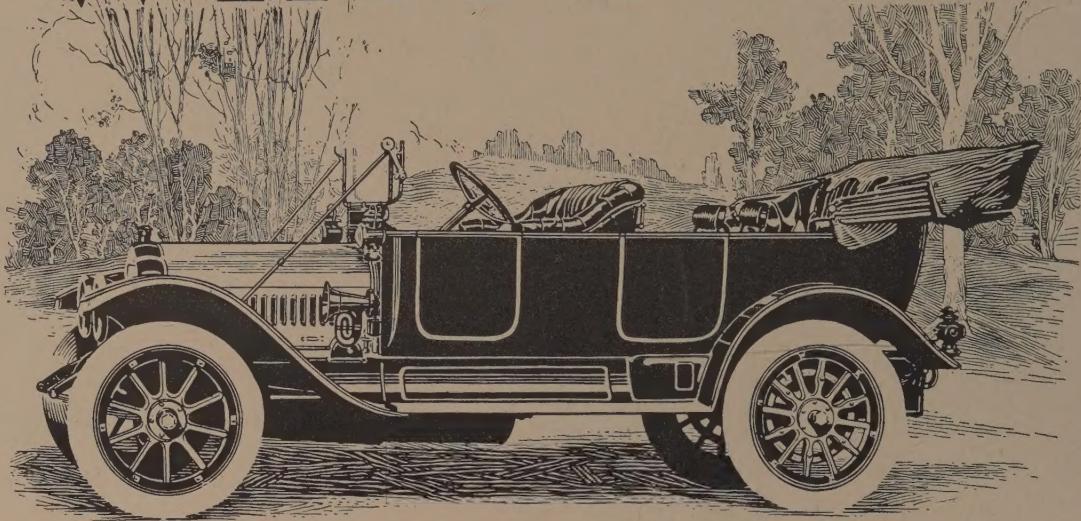
PARIS:
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THE THEATRE MAGAZINE COMPANY,

Published Monthly by
Telephone 6486 Greeley

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Cleveland

THE THEATRE

VOL. XVII

MARCH, 1913

No. 145

Published by the Theatre Magazine Co., Henry Stern, Pres., Louis Meyer, Treas., Paul Meyer, Sec'y; 8-10-12-14 West Thirty-eighth Street, New York City



White

DORIS KEANE AND WILLIAM COURTEENAY IN "ROMANCE" AT MAXINE ELLIOTT'S THEATRE

AT THE PLAYHOUSE

KNICKERBOCKER. "THE SUNSHINE GIRL." Musical play in two acts. Book by Paul A. Rubens and Cecil Raleigh, and music by Paul A. Rubens. Produced on February 3d with the following cast:

A. E. Anson; Susan Van Tuyl, Gladys Wynne; Miss Armstrong, Grace Henderson; Mrs. Rutherford, Mrs. Charles de Kay; Mrs. Frothingham, Edith Hinkle; Miss Frothingham, Claiborne Foster; Mrs. Gray, Dora Manon; Miss Snyder, Mary Forbes; Mr. Fred Livingstone, Paul Gordon; Mr. Harry Putnam, Geo. Le Sot; Signora Vannucci, Jessie Reiffarth; M. Baptiste, Paul Gordon; Mme. M. Cavallini, Doris Keane.

Lord Bicester.....	Vernon Castle	Lady Merrydew.....	Eileen Kearney
Vernon Blundell.....	Alan Mudie	Mrs. Blacker.....	Eva Davenport
Schlump.....	Joseph Cawthorne	Marie Silvaine.....	Flossie Hope
Steve Daly.....	Tom Lewis	Lady Mary.....	Ruth Thorpe
Hudson.....	E. S. Powell	Kate.....	Flossie Deshon
Stepnyak.....	J. J. Horwitz	Alice.....	Eleanor Rasmussen
Dora Dale.....	Julia Sanderson	Sybille.....	Irene Hopping

Musical comedies that come to New York by way of the London Gaiety are not apt to stray far away from the conventional. Conservatism is a dramatic quality much appreciated in the English metropolis. So it is that they who go to the Knickerbocker to see "The Sunshine Girl" need hardly be disappointed if they fail to see anything that they haven't seen before. The original bases of this style of entertainment are all there, some of the treatment takes on fresh forms of originality, however, and there is a life and sparkle to this particular entertainment that many of its predecessors have lacked. It will be much improved, however, if two or three of the musical numbers are eliminated, for polite tuneful and musicianly as is Paul Rubens' score, it lacks the life, vitality and sensuous quality that marked his namesake's, Peter Paul's excursions into the realms of art.

But it is good, wholesome jingle which lends itself to fleet-footed accompaniment, and that is its principal aim and purpose. The real gem of the opera is a wonderfully clever song, "You Can't Play Every Instrument in the Orchestra," words by Joseph Cawthorne and really witty ones they are, with music by John Lionel Golden. Cawthorne is the true star of the show, who, as a former London cabby, learns an important secret and profits materially thereby. He is constantly on view with his German accent, but his work is so neat, artistic and unobtrusive that he never bores. On the contrary, his nearly every utterance is hailed with roars of laughter.

The title rôle is assumed by Julia Sanderson, who is thus elevated to the rank of star. She never looked prettier in her life, and by her modest demeanor makes a most favorable impression. She sings well, too, and dances with an easy grace very compelling in its charm. Vernon Castle is extremely happy in the leading role; and with his lissom and pretty wife sounds the last note in the turkey trot world. Flossie Hope, too, shows a supreme and intimate knowledge of the choreographic art, and those stable old-timers, Tom Lewis and Eva Davenport, are really funny.

The plot? A young man inherits a soap factory, but forfeits it if he marries within five years. He gets a friend to pretend he is the owner, and as a simple workman loves and is loved by the Sunshine Girl. Complications follow, to be later cleared up when it is discovered that the conditions of the will are not valid. The costumes are very numerous and beautiful and the scenery all that the most exacting could ask for.

MARXINE ELLIOTT'S. "ROMANCE." Play in three acts by Edward Sheldon. Produced on February 10th with the following cast:

Bishop Armstrong, William Courtenay; Harry, William Raymond; Suzette, Louise Seymour; Cornelius Van Tuyl,

What the ultimate fate of Edward Sheldon's play, "Romance," will be is a difficult thing to determine. Many will regard this latest effort of the author of "Salvation Nell" as the best from his pen. There will be others who will consider it as an inept though original treatment of an old and hackneyed subject. In a prologue a young man tells his grandfather, a bishop, that he is about to marry an actress. The cleric advises against the move and recites an incident of his early life, which becomes the next three acts of the play. Then comes the epilogue. The young man refuses to be persuaded, and the bishop promises to perform the ceremony. The beginning and end of "Romance" are finely and neatly sketched, but it is, of course, the drama of the bishop's life that makes for action.

As the rector of St. Giles, in the early sixties, Thomas Armstrong, at the house of one of his parishioners, Cornelius Van Tuyl, a banker, meets Mme. Margerita Cavallini, Patti's only rival, and a great diva at the old Academy of Music. He falls madly in love with her. To him she represents all the graces and virtues. He refuses to believe the stories which link her name with Van Tuyl. But touched by his ingenuousness, and really in love with him, she reveals all the sordid wretchedness of her early life, as well as her relations with the banker. With marriage apparently impossible, Armstrong resolves to save her soul. But passion again seizes him. He goes to her rooms at the old Brevoort, surprises her at supper with Van Tuyl—she is breaking with the banker—reproaches her bitterly, only to express his passion with a fervor quite Scarpialike in its intensity. The woman now pleads for his soul, and his choir singing without the spiritual in his nature again becomes ascendant and they part.

How real, how sincere and how dramatic all this is must appeal to the individual tastes of each hearer. The action moves swiftly and logically, the dialogue is happily selected for the expression of character, and there are thrills, but except for the costumes and accessories there is not much that provides atmosphere of the days before the war.

Doris Keane as the Cavallini gives an impersonation of sustained character, instinct with the spirit of the spoiled darling of the public and moving in its emotional sweep.

WINTER GARDEN. "THE HONEYMOON EXPRESS." Farce with music in two acts. Book and lyrics by Joseph W. Herbert and Harold Atteridge; music by Jean Schwartz. Produced on February 6th with the following cast:

Henry Dubonet, Ernest Glendinning; Pierre, Harry Fox; Baudry, Harry Pilcer; Gardonne, Lou Anger; Gus, Al Johnson; Doctor D'Uvray, Melville Ellis; Achille, Frank Holmes; Eduard, Robert Hastings; Gautier, Gerald McDonald; Constant, Jack Carleton; Yvonne, Mlle. Gaby Deslys; Mme. De Bressie, Ada Lewis; Marguerite, Yanci Dolly; Marcelle, Fanny Brice; Marcus, Gilbert Wilson; Noelle, Marjorie Lane.

The Winter Garden is giving a massive entertainment, filled with pleasing evanescences blended with something that gives the impression



GABY DESLYS
Appearing in "The Honeymoon Express," at the Winter Garden

at times of real drama. It has a ballet that is pretentious enough for grand opera, a moving picture scene as animated and comically effective as may be imagined, and a race between an automobile and an express train equal to anything in a "Whip" or two. Under the generalcy of Mr. Ned Wayburn it has battalions of swaying and gliding dancers that display the latest sinuosities of motion. In Mr. Al. Jolson it has the blackest and most amusing of minstrels. In Mademoiselle Gaby Deslys it has a pretty butterfly. The entertainment is described as a spectacular farce, although the spectacular is not at all farcical, and none of the farcical is exactly spectacular. However, its audiences are not going to trouble themselves with fine distinctions. The story of the dramatic happenings is not important. It is enough that Gaby Deslys has to overtake an express train in order to bring to book a fleeing

Didier Morel.....	Heinrich Marlow	Madame Roucher.....	Marie Buhre
Madelein	Mathilde Brandt	Mathilde	Annie Rub-Foerster
Francine.....	Rose Lichtenstein	Juliette Dornoy.....	Elise Gardner
Verdier	Aug. Meyer Eigen	Yvonne Platin.....	Constanze von Zeckendorf
François D'Allonne.....	Christian Rub	Corbett	Ernst Robert
Teddy Kimberly.....	Rudolf Christians	Billy	Ernst Auerbach
Jacques Bertin.....	Otto Stoeckel	Aline	Cenzi Goetzer

Theatre-goers who like to see good acting, by players trained according to the best European traditions, should not miss the performances at the Irving Place Theatre. In this German-speaking playhouse the drama is cultivated as an art, not as a business to be exploited only for profit. Under the Continental system, an actor is able to acquire a versatility and experience which in America, where our actors often appear for two consecutive years in the same rôle, it is practically impossible to attain. The German actor is compelled to work hard, one week in modern comedy, the next in classic drama, and, as a result, his art takes



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JULIA SANDERSON AND CHORUS IN "THE SUNSHINE GIRL," AT THE KNICKERBOCKER

husband, that a high-powered automobile is at hand, and that she starts in pursuit of it, accompanied by her maid and Mr. Al. Jolson, who acts as chauffeur. A moving picture shows the automobile cutting across the country on a rough road, wobbling from side to side with its frantically spectacular and farcical burden. Time is lost. The machine has to be cranked up. Mr. Jolson has the time of his life in jabbering at his passengers and being jabbered at. At the top of the mountain appear the headlights of the express, disappear and reappear. As the miles of distance decrease these headlights get larger and larger. Back in the distance suddenly shine the lights of the automobile, intermittently coming into view. The two lights diverge and then come together from time to time. The race is close, but as the automobile glides into the station the express, with its panting engine headed for the footlights, slows down, and the race is won. Similar races have been seen on the stage, but none more interesting as an effect. Among the goodly assemblage of players at the Winter Garden are Mr. Harry Pilcer, Miss Ada Lewis, Miss Fanny Brice, and Miss Yancsi Dolly, who does some seemingly impossible things in the way of dancing.

IRVING PLACE THEATRE. "MY FRIEND TEDDY." Comedy in three acts by André Rivoire and Lucian Besnard. Produced on January 17th with the following cast:

on an authority and a *finesse* that is too often lacking on Broadway. Dr. Baumfeld, the present lessee, is keeping the house well up to its best standards. So far this season he has presented a varied and interesting program, with novelties from Germany, France and Italy. On January 17th was seen for the first time "My Friend Teddy," a piece by André Rivoire and Lucian Besnard, which has had considerable success abroad. The central figure is that of an American millionaire, named Teddy Kimberly, played with much humor by Rudolf Christians. He is introduced by a young artist into the family circle of his married sister, Madelein, an unloved, neglected young wife. Teddy is a primitive American with homespun morals and reverence for the sanctity of the marriage tie. He falls in love with the neglected wife, played charmingly by Mathilde Brandt, but instead of adopting the French method of a *ménage à trois* he determines to marry the lady by divorcing her from her unfaithful husband. He invites the entire family, including the husband's inamorata, to his magnificent villa, and here he pulls wires with such cleverness and diplomacy that he ends eventually by winning the object of his affection. The character of the American is, as usually portrayed by foreign authors, a caricature, yet it is not a libel. Underneath a rough exterior and a habit of blurting out "brutal" truths, Teddy has a sense of humor and a nobility of

character, for which we must thank the French authors, even if they had an eye to business and the American market. The love episode between Herr Christians and Fräulein Brandt were played with a spontaneity which was most refreshing. It is not unlikely that we shall see "My Friend Teddy" again in an Americanized form.

"GIANNETTA'S TEARS." Comedy in three acts by Francesco Pastonchi. Produced January 31st with the following cast:

Paolo Aloisi, Georg W. Pabst; Giannetta, Mathilde Brandt; Filippo Aloisi, Heinrich Marlow; Leo Sanfre, Otto Stoeckel; Gege Sogliano, Ernst Robert; Bice, Annie Rub-Foerster; Toto Franci, Christian Rub; Elena; Iffi Engel; Lucie, Constance v. Zeckendorf; Giorgio Vettori, Gustav Olmar; Murmura, Ferdinand Martini; Lanteri, Aug. Meyer-Eigen; Sauli, Paul Dietz; Varena, Ernst Auerbach; Giuseppe, Louis Praetorius; Benedetto, Heinrich Falk.

This comedy, translated from Francesco Pastonchi, a young Italian dramatist, presents the old three-cornered situation set in modern Italian society, with the scene laid in a villa in Turin. Giannetta, the frivolous, who has never shed a tear, is finally persuaded to send away her lover, while her husband, whom she has never loved, leaves her, and she, thus deserted, returns to her mother. Mathilde Brandt in the title rôle as guest star showed in several scenes that she is an emotional actress of high order. Her personal charm and physical beauty, with a sincerity of manner, make her a figure of unusual appeal. She was well supported throughout by the members of this stock company, whose acting is excellent and difficult to equal on Broadway for seriousness of purpose and versatility.

"Das lauschige Nest," a farce in three acts by Julius Horst and Arthur Lippschitz, produced on February 7th, also provided good entertainment. The complication is novel and amusing. A newly married couple, having spent their allowance and finding themselves hard up at the end of three months, plot to get a large sum from their father, but encounter all sorts of troubles. The piece constantly provokes the audience to laughter.

LYCEUM. "THE NEW SECRETARY." Comedy in three acts by Francis de Croisset, adapted by Cosmo Gordon Lennox. Produced on January 23rd last with the following cast:

Robert Levaltier.....	Charles Cherry
Garnier.....	Frank Kemble-Cooper
Paraineaux.....	Ferdinand Gottschalk
Faloize.....	Claude Gillingwater
Miran-Charville.....	Wilson Hummel
Bourgeot.....	A. G. Andrews
Marquis de Sauveterre.....	Harry Redding

Was it not Octave Feuillet, who after writing numerous novels calculated to please even the advanced Parisian taste, was challenged to produce something that a *jeune fille* could read, evolved "Le roman d'un jeune homme pauvre"? Well, it would seem as if some of the recent Parisian writers for the stage had been put to a similar test. Francis de Croisset has been largely concerned in the composition of "the white drama." It is an adaptation of his "Le Coeur Désire," by Cosmo Gordon Lennox, under the title of "The New Secretary," that Charles Frohman is pre-

senting with Charles Cherry and Marie Doro at the Lyceum.

"The New Secretary" ought to prove an admirable offering for the Lenten season. There is in it nothing to shock, and consequently nothing to thrill. It is an amiable presentation of a dramatic idea that is as old as the hills. A presentable young man is engaged to look after the affairs of a French family. In it is a daughter as proud and haughty as she is fair. Her parents wish her to marry well, and in their contented innocence nearly become the prey of sharpers; but the alert secretary is on the job. He circumvents the predatory, develops the unknown resources of the family, and although he started out with mercenary intent, by the sheer force of his personality puts all at rights and wins the heart of the proud girl, who resists his fascinations but fails to overcome them.

This secretary, Robert Levaltier, is played with much personal charm and agreeable address by Charles Cherry. It makes no real demands on his histrionic capacity. But personality is what is needed in a rôle like this, and Mr. Cherry supplies it. Miss Doro's part is purely conventional, but she looks it well and acts with an easy grace that satisfies her admirers. The chief sharper is entrusted to Ferdinand Gottschalk who makes of Paraineaux a character study, subtle in delineation and admirable in makeup.

Frank Kemble-Cooper as his associate, Baron Garnier, is sterlingly competent, and some careful if not brilliant work is contributed by Mrs. Thomas Wiffen and A. G. Andrews. The stage settings are adequate and in admirable taste.

WALLACK'S. THE IRISH PLAYERS in repertoire.

The Irish Players have returned, finding a home this time at Wallack's, after having shown themselves in various States without arousing much of the turbulence that greeted the performance of one or two of their plays in New York on their first appearance here. They still retain two of the plays that were thought to be objectionable by many who either doubted the truth of them or were unwilling to have it so frankly expressed. These two plays are "The Birthright" and "The Playboy of the Western World." But all the plays are equally frank, representing life in Ireland as it is. Of course, Lady Gregory and her associates are loyal to their land. The literary movement is in no wise vicious. It is certain that the spirit of democracy rules in them. No deference is paid to social distinction. The characters belong, for the most part, to the peasantry or to the villages. Some of the stories are almost childish, and they seem so remote from ordinary experience that they would appear unreal and invented if they did not bear full evidence of their actuality. The acting has much to do with this. Certainly these people act. They are not amateurs taken direct and

(Continued on page xxix)



Photo White

Kate Wilson
(May Buckley)

Dan
(Tommy Tobin)

Act I. Dan: "What is a miracle, mother?"
SCENE IN "THE UNWRITTEN LAW," AT THE FULTON

Andrews. The stage settings are adequate and in admirable taste.



Frieda Hempel as the Queen in "The Huguenots"



White
THE BARCAROLLE SCENE IN OFFENBACH'S OPERA, "THE TALES OF HOFFMANN"



Copyright Mishkin
Dinh Gilly as Amunastro in "Aida"

AT THE OPERA HOUSE

OPERA at the Metropolitan has run more than half its course of the twenty-three-week season, and the pall of Lent has descended upon the ultra-fashionables who populate parterre boxes. But there has been no cessation to the artistic

activities—to the contrary, it has been a month crowded with interest, and with public interest at that.

Last month in this department I taxed your patience with a screed on how the public has awakened to the fact that Metropolitan opera is worth while. Since then another pound of evidence has been added to the ounce of argument, for the Metropolitan has begun a series of popular-price Saturday night performances with overwhelmingly satisfactory results. In former years this Saturday night problem has always been a bugbear. While Saturday was the busiest night of the week at any of the theatres, yet the Metropolitan on that evening always presented the appearance of a poor relations' party. The auditorium was generally half empty, half of the boxes were empty, and a general air of gloom and yawns hung over the evening. Metropolitan impresarios tried every means of bringing success to these Saturday night opera performances. They charged half prices and gave half artistic performances; they charged full prices and gave productions of higher artistic standard, and they charged half prices and gave regular subscription casts—all to no avail. But this season the public is flocking to these Saturday night subscription performances in such droves that they cannot all find admittance. A liberal sprinkling of stars in the cast, chorus, orchestra and production up to the Metropolitan standards and the audience is delighted. So another battle had been won by Mr. Gatti-Casazza.

Offenbach's fantastic opera, "The Tales of Hoffmann," was added to the regular repertoire during the past four weeks, which have hurdled by at breakneck speed, so crowded have they been with music and incident. This Offenbach masterwork is not a novelty to the present generation of theatre-goers, having been played early and often at the Manhattan Opera House

when that stage was still trampled under the feet of opera stars. Then the visiting Philadelphia-Chicago Opera Company presented this work at the Metropolitan with the same cast as had been seen at the Manhattan. But now it has become part and parcel of the Metropolitan repertoire and given a handsomer pictorial presentation than ever it has had here. The first picture, the Tavern of Master Luther, is as cozy a students' quarters as ever a German university man would love to slake his thirst in. A big, German tiled stove oozes forth cheer, the thirst-producing, consoling inscriptions on the walls exert their spell, and the gaily uniformed members of the various student corps lend the right touch of color to the picture. The Venetian scene is one of the prettiest shown on this stage, and the interiors of the houses of Spalanzani and Crespel are effective.

But the fly in the amber is that this is a French opera, and that very few of the participants are French. So there is a Babel of accents of the tongue of France sung in this performance. But a still greater blot upon it is the casting of Fremstad in the rôle of Giuletta, Venetian beauty. She looks the rôle, every inch of it, for seldom has this artist appeared handsomer than she does lolling on the couch of her gallery against a background of the moon-bathed Venice canal. But her voice is too heavy, too dark in color, for her share in the most famous number of this work, the Barcarolle, the air of which has escaped the opera house and has found its way into every table d'hôte. Despite this, the Barcarolle remains an inspired bit of tuneful music.

And now, having so frankly set forth weak and strong points in this production, let me admit that I have a very soft spot in my heart for the work. Offenbach was surely a master, a Parisian composer, if not a French one, and in this, his one surviving serious work, he has so cleverly characterized the various points in these three weird tales written by that genius, Hoffman. I like the students' songs in the first act, the punch bowl parade, the pompous ball music at Spalanzani's, the waltz song of the Doll Olympia, the interpolated aria of Dapper-



Mishkin JACQUES URLUS

As Tristan in "Tristan und Isolde"

tutto, the haunting music of Miracle's incantations, and then the return to the mood of the tavern with its sentimental, bibulous students.

The best of the participating artists was Gilly in the rôle of Dappertutto. He sang the "Mirror" aria, as it is erroneously called, for he really sings to a diamond in his ring admirably. Rothier, as Miracle, was another surprise, this being infinitely the best work he has ever done at the Metropolitan. Hempel sang the Doll Olympia brilliantly but not sensational well; and Bori was excellent as Antonia, save when she forced her voice and emitted rasping high notes. In the title rôle Macnez was graceful, and he sang just that way, never offending his hearers, never stirring them. Jeanne Maubourg as Nicklausse was acceptable. Polacco conducted a good, routine performance.

And then there were some minor parts that were capitally taken. Reiss, as both Cochenille and Franz, was remarkable; De Segurola, as Spalanzani and Schlemil, did good character acting, as did Didur in the part of Coppelius. So, in detail rather than in its more important features, was the performance of "The Tales of Hoffmann" commendable.

Chief among the revivals was Wolf-Ferrari's "Le Donne Curiose"—"The Inquisitive Women"—with almost the same cast as at last year's première. I spilled a great deal of ink over this opera and performance last season. Hearing its revival the other night has brought home the conviction that it is the highest artistic achievement of the Metropolitan. Its monumental difficulties are as child's play to the master mind that shapes the ends of this performance, namely Arturo Toscanini. Giving all possible credit to the unusually intelligent artists concerned, yet it is Toscanini that keeps spinning the musical thread of this comedy. It is all champagne, all laughter and sunlight, under the baton of this tremendous man. And the manner in which the orchestra played the overture at this revival was worthy of nothing less than the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Geraldine Farrar, as Rosaura, was a picture of beauty and a paragon of singing. This artist has improved wonderfully during the present season, shedding her former vicious trick of shrillness in her song and now seemingly striving constantly for beauty of tone. Macnez was the one newcomer in the cast, singing Florindo very well indeed and looking a romantic lover. Alten, Maubourg and Fornia—they were all three admirable—and the work of Scotti,

Didur and Pini-Corsi was of the artistic kind that demands full recognition. De Segurola as Arlecchino was wonderful. Armed with slapstick, wearing the conventional black mask over his face and garbed in motley, he introduced into this delightful work the real spirit of the Harlequin without any exaggerated buffoonery that might break the thread of discourse in this delicate comedy.

It is not cheerful to record that the Metropolitan audiences fail to respond enthusiastically to the charms of this opera—possibly because the auditorium is a trifle vast for

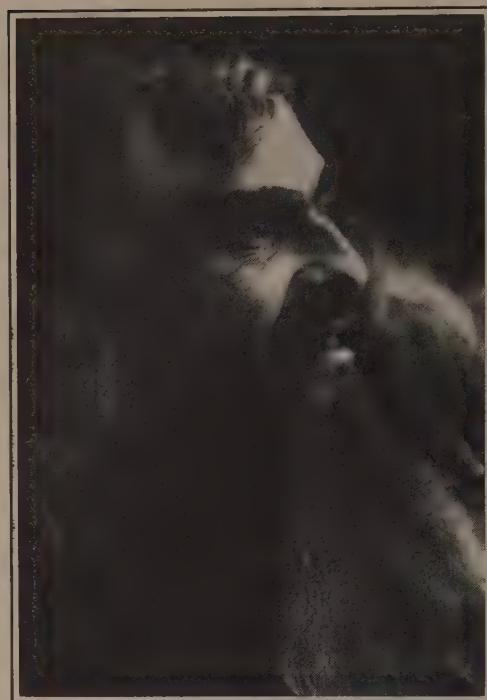
a work of this intimate genre, or possibly again because many operagoers cannot reconcile humor and grand opera—to wit, the failure here of Verdi's immortal "Falstaff." But I predict that the day of wholesale recognition for "Le Donne Curiose" must come, for its presentation is artistically well-nigh perfect.

Another "first time this season" opera was "Das Rheingold," produced at a matinée, the opening of the series of Wagner "Ring" performances. Considering the fact that this work has no regular place in the Metropolitan repertoire, and that it is given but once or twice during an entire season—considering all this, it was a good production. It was marked by earnestness, the scenery did as it was told—which is an important factor here, since this music drama is produced à la Bayreuth without any entr'actes—and the principals enlisted the best of Metropolitan material. The Rhine Maidens swam in time and sang in tune, thanks to the artistic efforts of Sparkes, Alten and Mulford. Matzenauer was an impressive Fricka, and Weil a noble Wotan. The character work of Goritz and Reiss as the two Nibelheim principals was, as ever, notable. As Loge, Carl Burrian did the best work ever seen here, his impersonation having the quality of subtlety. The weakest in the cast was Vera Curtis as Freia, and the two giants were not remarkably portrayed by Witherspoon and Ruydsael. Alfred Hertz conducted a splendid performance in general.

Two new singers made their initial New York bow at the Metropolitan at a matinée of "Tristan und Isolde," namely, Jacques Urlus and Carl Braun. The former is a Dutch tenor who has won fame in his own land and in Germany, and last season he sang some "guest" performances at Boston, winning laurels there. He had the misfortune at his Metropolitan début of losing his voice utterly during the first act, and as there was no other Tristan available he concluded the opera in pantomime. What could be heard of his voice indicated a fine, noble quality, with lyric beauty of tone. His appearance is a joy, being a sharp contrast to the average German tenor, for Urlus is of good physique, has a wide range of expression in his poses and movements. It will rest with future performances what fame this artist will win for himself here. The sentiment at his début was entirely that of pity for the man who obviously suffered much. Carl Braun, the other newcomer in this cast, is a German basso of rather pleasing voice that seems surcharged with sentimentality. But he, too, must have suffered from the effect of Urlus' breakdown, so judgment in his case, too, must be reserved. Gadski, Homer and Weil filled usual rôles excellently, and Toscanini conducted with tremendous dramatic surge.

Slezak, the giant Czech tenor, sang his farewell in a memorable repetition of Verdi's "Otello." This tenor is not to return to us next year, and his farewell was the conclusion of a four-years' stay at the Metropolitan. It was one of the best "Otello" performances ever seen here, as Slezak was tremendous in

(Continued on page vii)



Carl Braun as Hagen in "Götterdämmerung"



DAVID SAPIRSTEN

American pianist whose work gives exceptional promise



MILLY BETTY ASKENASY

Young Russian pianist who recently made her American début at Aeolian Hall



White Frank Currier Viola Dana
Act I. Gwendolyn (Viola Dana): "This is my best friend"



Viola Dana Frank Currier
Act II. Organ Grinder (Frank Currier): "See, here's a Roman nose"

IN "The Poor Little Rich Girl," now playing at the Hudson Theatre, Eleanor

Gates has succeeded in "getting something over." She calls it a whimsical fantasy, a title that is sufficiently indefinite to cover all the elements of comedy, tragedy, allegory, morality play and satire which it contains. In the second act she makes her audience think of two things at once—of what the child sees in her delirium and of what her family and the doctor experience through her illness. For an audience, loath to think once, this is an extraordinary feat—but they do it every night.

It is the story of a little seven-year-old girl, rich in material things, but poor in the possessions of childhood. Her parents have provided her with everything save their own companionship—a retinue of servants and governesses, who arouse her curiosity by the strange things they say and don't explain any more than they teach her what she ought or wants to know. On her seventh birthday, as a special treat, all the tutors and governesses are to be dismissed and there's to be a big dinner for the grown-ups in the evening. What she would really like for her birthday is to be allowed to go to day school with a lot of other children, to play in the country the way she did once with Johnny Blake, or, at least, to take a walk—but all she gets is a merry-go-round for dolls, a jumpy rabbit in a cabbage leaf and a ride in the stuffy limousine with Jane and Thomas, who threaten her with all sorts of things she has never seen. They tell her her father is made of money, which she won't believe because she has seen his sleeves rolled up and knows his arms are covered with skin; they tell her that there are bears in the street where he does business, that there are kidnappers with curved knives waiting on every corner to steal her because she is a very rich

The Poor Little Rich Girl

little girl. Thomas says the policeman is heels over head about Jane. Jane says Thomas

is all ears, and they both say the governess is a reg'lar "snake-in-the-grass." When Gwendolyn asks what they mean by these terms, when she looks for the eyes Jane says she has in the back of her head or when she wants to know where the lights go after they go out, they only laugh at her and threaten her to be quiet or they'll send for the policeman, whose club is all shiny with blood, or the doctor, who will take out her appendix and charge her father \$1,000 for it too.

Whenever they can, they leave her alone to amuse herself, which she does by playing pretend. She has two pet pretends—one is that she's back in the country with Johnny Blake and Rover, going fishing and playing in the mud, and the other, which is "the dearest pretend," is that when the lights are out and she's in bed, father sits on one side and mother on the other.

On this birthday, she didn't like playing alone, so she called in the organ-grinder man to keep her company. While they are having the jolliest old time the plumberman, who's been fixing a leak, joins them, and they have high jinks until Jane and Thomas come to put out "the piper" and the organ-grinder man, who hadn't even been given a chance to show how he could make faces. But the dinner guests are coming, so she gets out of the way, too, by hiding in the alcove. And while she's there she hears the strangest talk—they say her mother's got a society bee in her bonnet; they say her father's making ducks and drakes out of his money; they say he's in harness all the time with his nose to the grindstone; they say he burns his candle at both ends; they say his brokers warned him he's on the edge of a crash;



Al. Grady Viola Dana
Act II. Gwendolyn: "Puffy, my Puffy!"

they say—but then mother and father and the doctor come in, so they don't say any more just now. Instead they gush silly things about Gwendolyn, pat her on the head and proceed in to dinner, which interests them much more.

The governess having been given the evening out, there's really only Jane and Thomas and Gwendolyn who are left out of the dinner party, so the first two settle it between them that the best way for them to spend a nice evening, too, is to give Gwendolyn a sleeping powder and then hie them off to a movie or a theatre. Jane, being a two-faced thing, you know, is one of those who make assurance doubly sure. So she gives Gwendolyn a second powder and then—

Everything grows dark and funny, there's a horrible thundering, a rumbling and a roaring, the big hall of the mansion melts away and instead there are trees and rocks and a waterfall and flowers, a big grassy meadow and—mud, nice squashy mud!

It's the tell-tale forest, where everything is as it really is, and Gwendolyn's in it without her shoes and stockings, in a gingham dress without any horrid stiff bows. The organ grinder is there, too, swinging a big curved knife. "Ears to sharpen, eyes to sharpen, edges taken off tongues," he shouts, for, sure enough, he's the Man-Who-Makes-Faces. And surer than enough, here's his shop. It stands between two lime trees with lights in 'em—lime-lights, of course—and in the back there are rows of eyes—wall eyes, to be sure, and on the counter are all sorts of chins and noses and cheeks and tongues—tongues in all languages; smooth tongues, rough tongues, tongues of shoes, tongues of flames. Gwendolyn is for buying a whole assortment, but the Man-Who-Makes-Faces reminds her that she's the poor little rich girl, who really has nothing, though everyone thinks she has everything.

"Things will improve," he assures her, however, "if you follow



White Joseph Bingham Gladys Fairbanks Howard Hall Viola Dana Harry Cowley
Act II. Doctor (Howard Hall): "Jane, what have you given her?"

my advice. Find your mother and father and get rid of those servants."

Jane is the first one to tackle. She comes waltzing in, her red hair evenly divided between her front and her hind face. Why not—isn't she the two-faced creature who would have to laugh with the back of her head? Why can't she stand still? Foolish question! She's dancing attendance on Gwendolyn isn't she?

When she sees that Gwenny isn't going to pay any attention to her, what does she do

but call on the police, who comes in heels over head. He does it well, too, because his head is level. He turns out to be a very nice policeman, however, one who protects squirrels in the park, and blind folks and old people and—best of all, for Gwendolyn—helps lost children to find their parents.

The forest is actually becoming peopled, for here's Thomas, really and truly, all ears, and Puffy, the Teddy-Bear, who's bigger'n Gwenny and losing some of his precious stuffing to replace which they call in the doctor. He takes Gwendolyn's measure and finding that she's pretty low, he sends for a dozen bread pills, dispatches the policeman with an extra sharp eye in search of the people who gave her the powders and calls in her father. She doesn't know him, however.

"Is he Sam Hill or Great Scott?" she asks. She doesn't know him, even though he is made of money.

Neither does she know her mother, who comes to the forest, carrying her pet bee in its bonnet and followed by five people, who look and act and dress quite alike.

"Are you they?" asks Gwendolyn.

"We are."

And then in chorus—they always talk in chorus.

"We do the proper thing."

"I've heard things you've said," says Gwendolyn. "Aren't you always saying things?"



White

Act II. Organ Grinder: "She's very fond of the bee"



White Frank Currier

Al. Grady

Howard Hall

Viola Dana

Boyd Nolan

Laura Nelson Hall

Act II. All: "He's pulled her through!"

"Saying things? Well, we get the blame, but the talking is done by the little Bird. I blame her and he blames me. In that way we shift the responsibility. And as we always keep together, nobody ever knows who really is to blame."

Hardly are they gone than Jane and Thomas begin their nagging again and insist on Gwendolyn's taking a ride.

After many more adventures Gwendolyn calls to the doctor for help. He leans out of the window of the barn.

"Reach up, I'll pull you through!" he calls.

She holds on tight to her stiff upper lip and climbs up and up until he pulls her through.

And then you are back in the land of plain facts again. But they're better facts now. They're facts with the pretend come

true—even the "dearest pretend"—do you remember? She's still a pretty sick little girl, but she wants to grow well just as fast as she can, because the doctor prescribes "scuffing" in the mud, and Johnny Blake and fishing, and days and months and years in the country, as soon as she's strong enough to stand all this joy. But for the present, for the very immediate present, she must go to sleep and rest. So when father has pulled down the shades and drawn the curtain, she goes on another journey—it's to the Land o' Nod this time—and because you've been a good audience that has caught on, or thought it caught on to all the tricks, you're let into the secret of the dream she found at her journey's end—a dream of a little girl in a gingham pinafore, going fishing with a sun-tanned boy and a happy, shaggy dog.

XX.



White

Howard Hall

Laura Nelson Hall

Viola Dana

Frank Andrews

Boyd Nolan

Act III. Gwendolyn: "What kind of a bird is that?"

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE AMERICAN STAGE?

By CHESTER T. CALDER

A RE we approaching a serious crisis in theatrical affairs? Some of our leading managers think that we are. Long ago Mr. Belasco, Mr. Frohman, Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger predicted disaster if the present incontinent rage for theatre building continued, and, more recently, W. A. Brady and other managers in a number of newspapers interviews declared frankly that box-office business is

now so bad that theatre managers are completely discouraged.

"What's wrong with the American stage?"

That is the ever-recurring question which presents itself to the minds of thoughtful theatregoers. Of late dissatisfaction with the contemporary theatre has become wide and so prevalent, criticism of modern conditions has grown so penetrating and so caustic that the issue can no longer be dismissed with a laugh or a wave of the hand. That something is the matter can no longer be open to doubt.

One thing that has antagonized the public and helped to keep hundreds of would-be theatregoers away from the box office is the present iniquitous system of taking out the best seats long before the sale begins and giving them over to a speculative agency, which imposes an additional tax of fifty cents a seat. The public would not mind so much paying \$2.50 a seat if that were the box-office price, but it is irritated and annoyed to find that the box office is really a farce, inasmuch as the best seats are never on sale, no matter how early you go, but are taken out weeks before and given to the said speculator. Out-of-town people, who are in the city only for a night or so do not object to this imposition, and probably welcome it, because, unfamiliar as they are with the locations of different theatres,

it is more convenient for them and they get choicer seats at a slight advance. But why should out-of-town people be favored to the prejudice of New Yorkers, who are the real mainstays of our local playhouses? The New Yorker will pay as much as anybody else for a seat, but he wants the price of that seat to be the prevailing box-office price and not an arbitrary price fixed by an outside speculator. Managers prefer to sell to the speculator because the latter

is willing to purchase \$8,000 or \$10,000 worth of tickets in advance of a production on the mere chance of its being a success. The agency is willing to take this risk, and sometimes it gets badly stung. But in this way the manager is sure of at least so much return on the outlay made, and he argues that he only sells to the first comer who happens to be a speculator willing to take a chance. This,

of course, is nonsense, because the speculator is allowed to purchase the seats long before the general public gets a chance at them. Managers realize that the system hurts the general box-office business, but they claim that no business man could afford to reject such a guaranty as the speculator gives them. In our opinion managers make a serious mistake when they deny regular patrons their best seats at the regular box-office rates. This short-sighted policy as much as anything else has hurt the theatrical business.

The manager is not alone to blame. The love of the new generation for extravagance and luxury, unheard of by our grandparents, has made the cost of theatre-going well nigh prohibitive. No longer is Miss Débutante satisfied to have her admirer purchase two seats and escort her modestly to and from the playhouse. She expects flowers, in-

Copyright Falk
Joseph Jefferson as Rip Van Winkle

Sarony
Lawrence Barrett

sists on taxicabs, brazenly suggests expensive suppers, all of which entails a cost of possibly \$20 for the evening's outing. Only a fat pocketbook can stand the strain. What is the result? The sensible, practical young man is hardly likely to be enthusiastic about the drama.

The evolution of the modern theatre has been slow but steady and substantial. From its origin in the old morality plays presented upon platforms bare of scenery to the present day with

its magnificently appointed playhouses and its elaborate productions, the theatre—on the purely physical side at least—has made a long stride indeed. And the intellectual advance no less than the physical has been marvellous. The efforts of over three hundred years and of as many dramatists have given our stage a rich fund of dramatic literature. The

theatre has grown in dramatic, in ethical and social significance. Its influence to-day is broader, deeper, richer than ever before. The theatre in its best estate commands the respect of every broad-minded person. Playhouses are subsidized by governments and millionaires; actors are no longer marks for bitter vituperation, but are given their true rank as artists and gentlemen. The stage is a recognized force in our modern social life. This, in brief, has been the

Sarony
John McCullough

progress of the theatre through the centuries. And yet, in spite of this tremendous advance as an art and as a social institution, comment on the decadent condition of the American stage is heard upon nearly every side.

After making due allowance for a difference in standards of judgment we shall have to admit that while the material advance in our theatre has continued during the last fifty years



Augustin Daly Lester Wallack A. M. Palmer
"Whose admirable stock companies produced the best in contemporary and domestic drama"



"The plays of the period included dramas of literary as well as dramatic distinction"



Charlotte Cushman Edwin Forrest
"Two players who saw the American stage in the full flush of its greatness"

Sarony
Edwin Booth as Richelieu

Sarony
Lawrence Barrett

Sarony
E. L. Davenport

Mrs. John Drew



Ada Rehan

there has also been a steady intellectual decline. The decade between 1865-1875 saw the American stage in the full flush of its greatness. Neither before nor since has such a coterie of players graced our stage. Our theatre boasted of such tragic actors as Booth and Barrett, Forrest and Davenport, Cushman and Janauschek. Among the notable comedians were John Gilbert, Joseph Jefferson, Wm. J. Florence, E. A. Sothern, Wm. Warren and Lester Wallack. The plays of the period included those of Shakespeare, Sheridan, Goldsmith, Taylor and Bulwer-Lytton, dramas of literary as well as dramatic distinction. Moreover, these plays demanded actors possessing fire and imagination. They were heroic in theme and poetic in spirit. Nor was the best in contemporary and domestic drama neglected. Plays of this nature were produced with taste and care by the admirable stock companies of Augustin Daly, A. M. Palmer and Lester Wallack. There was a business side to the profession then as now but it was subservient to

John Mason

the artistic. Each manager was too much concerned with the presentation of his

own plays and the development of fine acting to think of destroying a healthy competition by cornering the theatrical market. It

was essentially an age of big ideals and genius and ability reaped rich rewards. But new times, new men.

As the older players and managers died new ones came to take their places, and this new material was not of the same stamp as the old. A commercial taint crept in and slowly ate its way into the hearts of our dramatists, our actors and our

managers. The love for art gave way to the lust for dollars and cents. The resident stock companies of the sixties and seventies broke up. They were replaced by the special casts and one-play companies of the present day. As the old and experienced actors died or retired no expert players filled the gaps in the ranks. The younger players lacked the all-round training given in the old stock companies. The absence of competent stage managers to drill the actors in the older forms of the drama caused

the abandonment of Shakespeare and the classics, the influx of modern plays and the development of players efficient in modern drawing-room comedy but wanting in versatility. The rise of the theatrical syndicate in 1895, the successful attempt to commercialize the theatre which followed—and the down-

fall of the American stage from its once honorable and enviable position was complete.

For ten years all artistic development in the American theatre was practically brought to a standstill. An unnatural limitation was put upon production. The importation of Sarony plays and players

Maude Adams

from abroad stifled the development of American actors and dramatists. The few remaining capable native players were forced into ruts from which many have not even yet escaped. Happily the day of one-man domination of our stage has passed, probably never to return, but the appearance of a second theatrical trust has done little to better matters. Our theatre is

still in the throes of materialism. Where ten or fifteen years ago there was an unnatural check put upon production and consequent stagnation, to-day there is overproduction and its attendant evils. Artificial stimuli have been applied and the effect on the theatrical business has been ruinous. Theatres and plays have multiplied. In New York

alone the number of first-class theatres has doubled within fifteen years. Cities which can with some difficulty support one first-class playhouse have two. It does not take a profound economist to determine the result.

Otis Skinner

A tremendous amount of energy is expended by our managers, but feverish activity is hardly synonymous with substantial progress. Too frequently trivial plays occupy our theatres. Careless and slipshod methods are used in staging productions. Important parts are given to players with agreeable personalities, who possess neither the ability nor the training to visualize the characters entrusted to them. A familiarity between audience and players has arisen which would not have been tolerated by men like Augustin Daly. And if behind the curtain conditions have been revolutionized the change on the other side of the footlights has been correspondingly great. The older generation of theatregoers has practically been eliminated. The new element in the theatregoing population is too often composed of the devotees of the "lobster palaces" who delight in the risqué or vulgar, the members of "smart" society who desire only the flippant and inconsequential, and the ignorant *nouveau riche* who often

is a better judge of whiskey than of Shakespeare and the classics. To such people do our managers cater. This is the general aspect of the situation in the American theatre



"Who for some years past have been the sole standard bearers of the classic drama in America"



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Charles Frohman
America's leading theatrical producers—the men to whose hands is confided the artistic and material development of our stage



Charles Klein Margaret Mayo Aug. Thomas Eugene Walter Ed. Sheldon Martha Morton Geo. Broadhurst
"Real significance is to be attached to the steady progress of our playwrights in a period which has been notorious for the low level of its acting"

to-day and it is such a condition of affairs which makes a high artistic standard in the playhouse an utter impossibility.

So far we have but studied conditions on the surface. Now let us delve into the heart of our problem. The stage is naturally divided into the three distinct yet closely related departments of playwriting, acting and management, and, in considering our problem in detail, it will be convenient to discuss in turn the American dramatist, the American actor and the American manager.

The primary factor in things dramatic is the playwright, and so it is he who is the logical starting point in our discussion. To say that the great majority of dramas produced to-day are largely trash is to attach no stigma to the playwright's art. The majority of plays in every age are worthless and soon forgotten, and if this condition is aggravated in America to-day we must bear in mind the general theatrical situation. There has been an enormous increase in the number of theatres everywhere during the last few years, and the simple fact is that excellence among our dramatists has not kept pace with the building of playhouses. Nor is this surprising. It stands to reason that in a country where two or three hundred new productions are made yearly, much which reaches the boards is mere drivel. It is simply a case of demand and supply. The demand is greater than the supply and our stage is surfeited with worthless plays:

But if the increased demand for plays has encouraged mediocrity the impetus given dramatists with genuine talent has been equally great. In America to-day we find literary men writing for the stage who never thought of doing so before. Men imperfect in the technique of the drama, but who possess the dramatic instinct coupled with the capacity for literary expression, are developing their powers slowly but surely. Edward Knoblauch, Percy MacKaye, Joseph Medill Patterson, Edward E. Sheldon and A. E. Thomas belong to this group of writers who are still developing, refining and polishing their art. Crudities in their work are still patent. Lack of logical development, inconsistencies of character and situation often intrude to mar originality of idea and vigor and power in handling characters and climaxes. At present Mr. MacKaye's poetic plays are lyrical rather than dramatic, his prose dramas too subtle and elusive in style to be effective in performance, but it cannot be gainsaid that his plays combine verbal richness and fine feeling, beauty of diction with the noble passion of the poet. Mr. Knoblauch has written several stimulating dramas. His play "The Faun" displayed originality of idea, capacity for imagination and felicity of expression. Mr. Thomas has a number of clean and wholesome comedies to his credit, and in "The Rainbow" he has happily united delightful romance, piquant



THE CONCERT ROOM OF THE NEW AEOLIAN HALL, NEW YORK CITY

humor and delicate pathos. Mr. Patterson and Mr. Sheldon are two playwrights who have found the stage an effective medium for the discussion of social problems. They have shown an appreciation of the larger phases of American life and its ideals. Lofty of aim and sincere of purpose they have vigorously attacked the sores which are sapping the strength of this republic. Mr. Sheldon in particular has shown a knack for vivid characterization, incisive, climatic situations, and if his dramas have lacked the finesse and polish of a Pinero, Shaw or Jones, they have not been found

wanting for good, red blood. These men are still in the formative period, the estimates of their work may be diverse, yet it cannot be doubted that pervading all their work there is a sense of latent power and ability struggling to be free. Theirs has been a record of solid, substantial even brilliant achievement.

And what is to be said of those American dramatists who have arrived at the fruition of their powers? What rank shall we assign to David Belasco and Clyde Fitch, to Charles Klein and Wm. Vaughn Moody, to Augustus Thomas and Eugene Walter? It is a significant fact that during the ten years following 1895 hardly a play of distinction was produced by an American dramatist. Since 1905, however, more than a dozen plays of marked literary and dramatic merit have been added to our stage literature. What plays written by Americans during the nineteenth century can compare with the productions of the American dramatist during the past decade? The plays of

Bronson Howard, of Augustus Thomas, James A. Herne, Martha Morton, Clyde Fitch, David Belasco, and of William Gillette perhaps, but little else. A meagre output indeed, if we compare it with the splendid showing of the younger generation of native dramatists in more recent years. It is a genuine stride forward and an accomplishment worthy of remark that our foremost dramatists have written such plays as "The Great Divide," "Leah Kleschna," "Paid in Full," "The Easiest Way," "The City," "Salvation Nell," "The Witching Hour," and "As a Man Thinks."

These dramas are as diversified in theme and style as it would be possible to conceive, yet each in its way is of such excellence that it deserves a niche in our dramatic literature. Best of all, these dramas are not only built upon the bed-rock of dramatic principles as regards play construction, but they may successfully combat literary criticism as well. Mr. Moody and Mr. Thomas have been especially happy in bringing their plays within the domain of true literature.

The truly American drama is still young, and real significance is to be attached to the steady progress of our playwrights in a period which has been notorious for the low level of its acting and for the advent of



M. JEAN NOTÉ

This distinguished French baritone, who received the Cross of the Legion of Honor some years ago for bravery shown in stopping a runaway freight train, has again received official recognition, this time in the shape of a gold medal awarded for saving life by stopping a frenzied horse. M. Noté is well known in America, having sung at the Metropolitan Opera House some years ago with great success.

managers deficient in ideals and devoid of dramatic ability. The future of the American dramatist is one of brilliant promise. He no longer finds it necessary to imitate the foreign playwright. He may lack the polish of style and the niceties of technique which the European craftsman displays, but as a rule his plays reveal a freshness of theme, a virility and vitality unknown to the Continental dramatist. At last our playwrights are awakening to a consciousness of the possibilities before them. They are portraying American people, their problems and ideals; they are discovering the more vital phases of our national life, the things genuinely worth while. Much has been accomplished, much more remains to be done.

And the art of acting—what of that? Wm. Winter, dean of American dramatic critics, bewails the fact that all our great players are gone. He points out that we have no English-speaking actor at the present time who can equal Edwin Booth or Henry Irving. He tells us that no actress of the contemporary stage has ever revealed the supreme power of Charlotte Cushman. Mr. Winter's statement is all too true. We have many fine players such as Robert Mantell, Julia Marlowe, E. H. Sothern, David Warfield, Mrs. Fiske, Otis Skinner and John Mason, but we have no actor or actress whose genius transcends all others. The dramatic profession in America cries out for a real leader.

If it is possible to overvalue the present, it is equally easy to overestimate the achievements of the past. It would be folly to advocate the standards of fifty years ago unreservedly. There was much to admire in the acting of that period, but there was also much to censure. Many of our modern players are infinitely nearer to human nature in the details of their acting than the players of half a century ago, but it is also true that the actors of to-day lack the vigor of conception, the emotional fervor and the fine frenzy of feeling which these actors of long ago displayed.

There is a great deal of talk about great acting or rather the absence of it upon the American stage, but how many of us really have a definite idea of what we mean by the phrase? Is it an absolute or a relative term? Is there a single goal which every player must attain, or is greatness in dramatic art merely the superiority of one artist over another? If the latter, it is always possible to witness a great performance. The logic of it would be that David Warfield's Music Master is worthy to be dubbed "great," because it is relatively better than the average characterization visible on our stage. But the unsoundness of such a definition must be apparent to all. Greatness is hardly relative. If, then, it is absolute, our next problem is to discover how we are to recognize great acting when we see it.

We must remember that acting is not strictly a creative art. To say that an actor "creates" a part gives rise to confusion. The art of the actor is interpretative rather than creative. In

the dramatic world it is the playwright who is truly the creative artist. The dramatist provides the framework upon which the actor builds his character, and it is the task of the player with aid of make-up, speech, gesture and action to convey to the eye and ear of the spectator the conception lodged in the brain of the dramatist. The art of the playwright and the art of the actor are mutually dependent. Without the one the other is incomplete. The drama is not unlike photography; the dramatist provides the play or negative, the actor the character or printed picture. A good negative may be wasted by poor printing, and likewise many an excellent play has been spoiled in the performance. But unlike the photographer's art the actor is not dependent upon his play to the same extent that a good picture is dependent upon a good negative. Great acting is to be found in poor plays as well as good ones.

Henry Irving made Mathias "great," Charlotte Cushman terrified her audiences and held them spellbound with the fury of her Meg Merrilies, Joseph Jefferson reincarnated the Rip Van Winkle of Washington Irving, yet none of the plays containing these characterizations could be called "great." It matters little how commonplace the drama if the leading part in it will permit the display of intellectual force, the broad sweep of emotion and great imagination, the first requirement of great acting, is present—a great acting part. Hamlet, Lear, Iago, and Othello are all great characters as well as great acting parts. What makes them so attractive to the ambitious actor are the boundless possibilities for dramatic expression which they present. It is a part demanding completeness of expression which the actor needs rather than a great character.

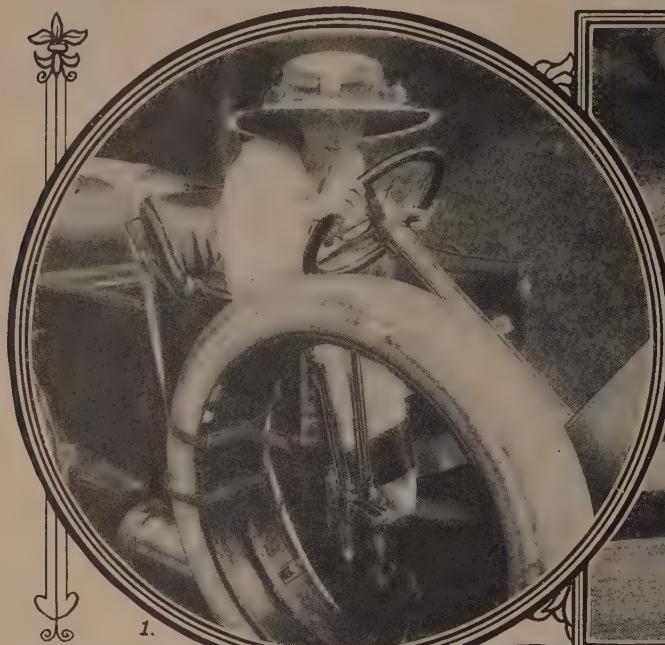
But given the great acting part we still require the man or woman to bring the character to life. What an equipment the player demands! A distinguished presence and a mobile countenance, a nature sensitive to feeling and emotion, the power to conceive characters and the ability to execute them, mastery of technique—all these qualities and more even the ordinary player must possess. But vastly more than this is required of the great actor. The great artist must look the part, think the part and feel the part he is playing. Jefferson was noted for the breadth and power of his imagination, Cushman for her personality at once magnetic and dominating, Booth for his tremendous nervous force, Irving for his keen and penetrating intellect, for his comprehensive knowledge and understanding of life and human nature. Only a player with the spark of genius—



MARIANNE FLAHAUT

Belgian dramatic soprano who has sung with great success at the Metropolitan. Mme. Flahaut is seen here as Andromaque in "La Prise de Troie"

FAVORITE ARTISTS WHO ENJOY



1.



2.



3.



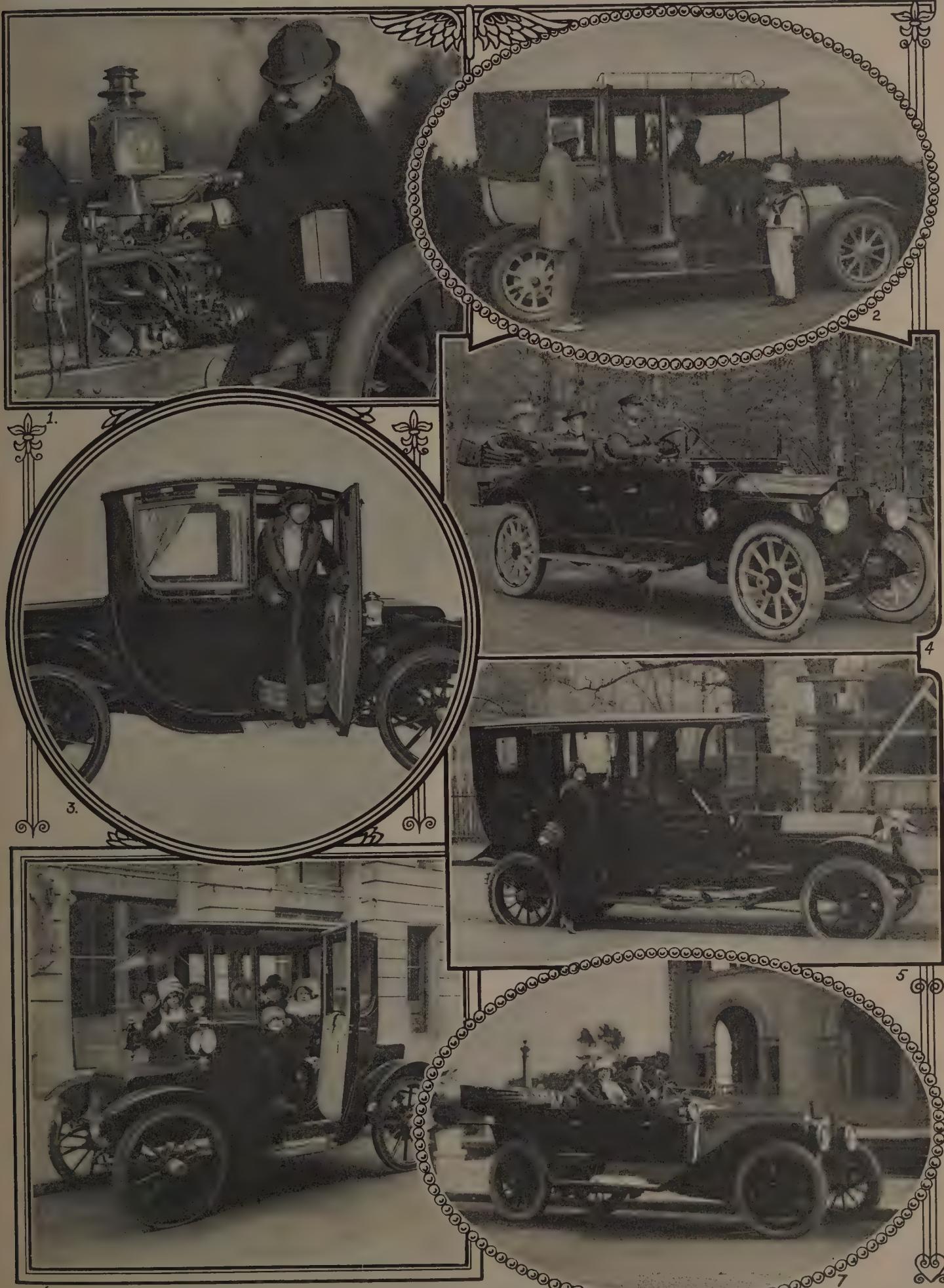
4.



5.

1. Chrystal Herne driving her own automobile. 2. Walter Hale and Dustin Farnum in Mr. Hale's Studebaker car. 3. Richard Bennett and his children accompanied by his brother-in-law, Lieut. Victor I. Morrison, son of the late Lewis Morrison, of "Faust" fame, in Mr. Bennett's Stern 60 h.p. automobile. 4. Kitty Gordon and her Grinnell Electric. 5. Blanche Bates in her Anderson Electric

THE PLEASURES OF MOTORING



1. Frank Daniels his own chauffeur. 2. Signor Caruso taking his son for an automobile ride. 3. Gladys Caldwell leaving her Waverley Electric Limousine. 4. E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe in their Packard. 5. Gertrude Hoffmann about to enter her Peerless. 6. Stage kiddies of "The Lady of the Slipper" company in a Rauch & Lang car. 7. Raymond Hitchcock and Flora Zabelle in their Lozier

that quality so hard to describe yet none the less real and existent—can bring a great character to complete expression, and it is the resultant of these two forces which we call great acting. Few actors of our time possess this gift.

Having determined the essentials to great acting, what can be said of the players upon the contemporary American stage? A majority of the more notable creations by our players in recent years have been strictly comedy performances — Warfield's "Music Master," Skinner's "Brudeau," Sothern's "Dundreary," Russ Whytal's "Judge Prentice," John Mason's "Dr. Seelig" to name a few which come to mind. The American theatre has a number of distinguished comedians of the modern school, but it is lamentably wanting in classic and poetic actors, and therein lies the chief weakness of our stage. It is the poetic tragedy and the comedy of manners which is the acid test of a player's true worth. There it is that mentality, nervous force and capacity for imagination are vital.

The list of American players capable of acting poetic rôles is small indeed and it is dwindling every year. But even fewer in number are actively identified with the presentation of poetic plays. For some years past Robert Mantell, E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe have been the sole standard bearers of classic drama in America. To such a state has the American stage come which once boasted of Mary Anderson, Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, John McCullough, Helena Modjeska and a host of other classic players. We should be duly grateful for the mature and resonant acting of Mr. Mantell, for the arch and piquant brilliancy of Miss Marlowe and for the exquisite passion of Mr. Sothern, but it bodes ill for the American stage that none of the younger artists in our theatre are inclined toward Shakespeare. Only two new classic stars appear upon the horizon—Wm. Faversham and Annie Russell. The pity of it is that the few players capable of really big things are wasting their talents upon the vapid and sensational. Otis Skinner, Margaret Anglin, Walter Hampden, Edith Wynne Matthison, Nance O'Neil, Walker Whiteside, Henrietta Crosman, Viola Allen, Wilton Lackaye—these are some of the actors who, either by training or native ability or both, should be appearing in poetic or classic drama.

At the present time we hear much of the intimate theatre and the realistic play. Generally it is looked upon as a distinct step forward in the growth of dramatic art. And so it is when the idea back of the movement is to bring players and audience into closer contact. But frequently the idea is carried to excess. In no small degree the decline in acting is due to the naturalistic



BESSIE ABBOTT IN HER WHITE SIX-CYLINDER TOURING CAR

play. Drama is not the literal expression of life. It never can be. If it were, it would be dull and uninteresting. It is life with the essentials retained, the commonplaces left out. But drama of the intimate type more than any other school aims at the reflection of actual life upon the stage, life stripped of its larger meaning but with as many of the commonplaces retained as possible.

The realistic drama is not a poetical fancy of the inner vision, but a photograph of actual life and the tendency in real life

is to repress emotion. Great acting requires the expression of elemental emotion, the display of feeling unrestrained by the conventions of modern society. Compare the men and women of Shakespeare and the classical writers with those of the average modern playwright. The characters in the old plays are so much bigger, the situations so vastly more significant that in comparison the realistic drama of to-day seems a mere scratch on the veneer of life. A play like "The Easiest Way," for instance, will not permit of great acting because the people in it are not great. They are sordid, selfish and mean. They are as incapable of great hate as of great love. They are self-contained, cold, conventional, bloodless creatures. Far too frequently the players of to-day suffocate all dramatic genius with their realism and repression in acting such characters as these. It must ever be kept in mind that the fundamental thing in acting, its *raison d'être*, is expression. As long as the intimate theatre and the realistic drama are an aid to the complete expression of the actor's art well and good, but if they go further (and the tendency is to do so) they are a positive menace to dramatic art. It means that petty details are to be substituted for largeness of conception and execution, and it is only through the latter that we can achieve greatness in acting.

Through the disappearance of the old-time actors, standards and traditions, the phenomenal increase in the number of theatres and the consequent excessive demand for new plays public attention has been diverted from the actor and undue emphasis has been given to the play. Formerly, when comparatively few new plays were presented, people went to the theatre to see acting. The theatrical novelty of fifty years ago was the assumption of an old part by a new player. To-day the primary interest of the public is in the production of a new play by some notable author. The large number of starless productions is striking evidence of this fundamental change in the point of view. Play production has been overstimulated and the effect upon the art of acting has been correspondingly detrimental. Plays are presented with such

(Continued on page xi)



Vaughn Glaser and Fay Courtenay in Mr. Glaser's Garford 40



Grace Field, of "The Red Petticoat," in an American Tourist car



Strauss Peyton

HATTIE WILLIAMS

Now appearing with Richard Carle in "The Girl from Montmartre" on the road



Moffett In "Alias Jimmy Valentine"



Matzene In "Peg o' My Heart"



In "Peg o' My Heart"

Laurette Taylor — A New Star

IT was but a few years ago that a child with remarkable eyes and a 'cello quality of voice went about to church entertainments, and while her mother waited on the steps of the *ex tempore* stage to toss her a forgotten handkerchief or a lost word, recited "*Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night*" and, when the audience was especially appreciative, favored it with "*The Wreck of the Hesperus*."

Crossing the bridge of intervening years the child has arrived in the land of stardom. While New York was hanging up its Christmas stockings and swinging its wreaths of holly into place in its windows it paused in its holiday preparations to go to the new Cort Theatre to see a new play and a new star, and the star outshone both.

Laurette Taylor arrived through no "influence." She does not cajole managers. She flouts and quarrels with them. To the office of one of the most powerful arbiters of theatrical destinies she went one day in a shabby hat, the sides of her purse meeting, because there was no substance between, and her chin uptilted, her eyes defiant, and said: "I'm going to fight you. I can't be any poorer than I am, so I'm going to fight you."

She fought them, and others, fought before and after, in the courts and out of them, about contracts, about salaries for rehearsals, about any actorial right she deemed such. Often she won. Sometimes she lost. But it was not because she brought peace into their minds and their offices that managers sought her for their companies. She recalls what has been said in the Scriptures of a Presence that brought not peace but a sword. Always she fought without fear, because she is of a doughty race. While she was born in New York, there is but a generation between her and the bogs and banshees, the jaunting cars climbing the intensely green hills and skirting the clear lakes, the quickly alternating mirth and melancholy of Ireland.

The same mercurial-spirited, warm-hearted, hot-tempered, generous, open-handed race that gave us Clara Morris, Ada Rehan, James O'Neill and William J. Florence has bestowed the welcome gift of Laurette Taylor. Ask her how in "Peg o' My Heart" she embalms all the swift and varying moods, the dream tenses and the tricksy, elfish phases of the lovable Irish girl in which character she rose to stardom, and she will reply, with a tantalizing remnant of the family brogue:

"That girl, ye must know, is me grandmother. When I play Peg I am playing Grandmother."

And she will talk to you long about the Irish character as she knows it by an instinct unerring as the rod of the water witch.

She has been sought by foremost managers to head their plays because she is the foremost young exponent of naturalness on the stage. Members of her own profession, which is always generous to merit as it is condemnatory of "pull," acclaimed her for the same reason. Temperament and beauty and an intelligence that guided her to sure paths and certain steps are hers.

"How did you learn to act?" I asked her as she sat in a drawing room where nut-brown shades abounded in wall and pictures, in furniture and in the bearskin at her feet. She sat on a hassock near the open fire, and as she stretched her arms to its blaze and bent her shoulders to the firelight, she reminded me of a big, beautiful cat of the jungle, stretching its muscles relaxing its power, sheathing its claws and purring



Laurette Taylor in "Mrs. Dakon"

in momentary content, in the warm sunshine.

"How did you learn to act?" The question puzzled her. She turned on me the wide-open eyes that send such shafts of power into the minds and hearts of her audiences.

Unusually large, unusually round, brown with a golden glow in their depths, are those eyes, but it is none of these qualities that make them the most unusual eyes I ever saw. It is their peculiar fullness and their power to project their laughter or sorrow to long distances, the great distance that often lies between souls.

"Perhaps you were not trained. Are you, do you think, the Topsy among actresses? You just grew?"

The eyes of power, golden-brown eyes, eyes of power, narrowed half closed in reflection.

"I don't believe I ever was taught," she said. "My training seems to have been self-training. Except"—the eyes softened and smiled as she uttered the name of the man who wrote her play, the man whom she had promised to marry—"Hartley helps me. He has the quiet sense of the fitness of things and of proportion that I lack."

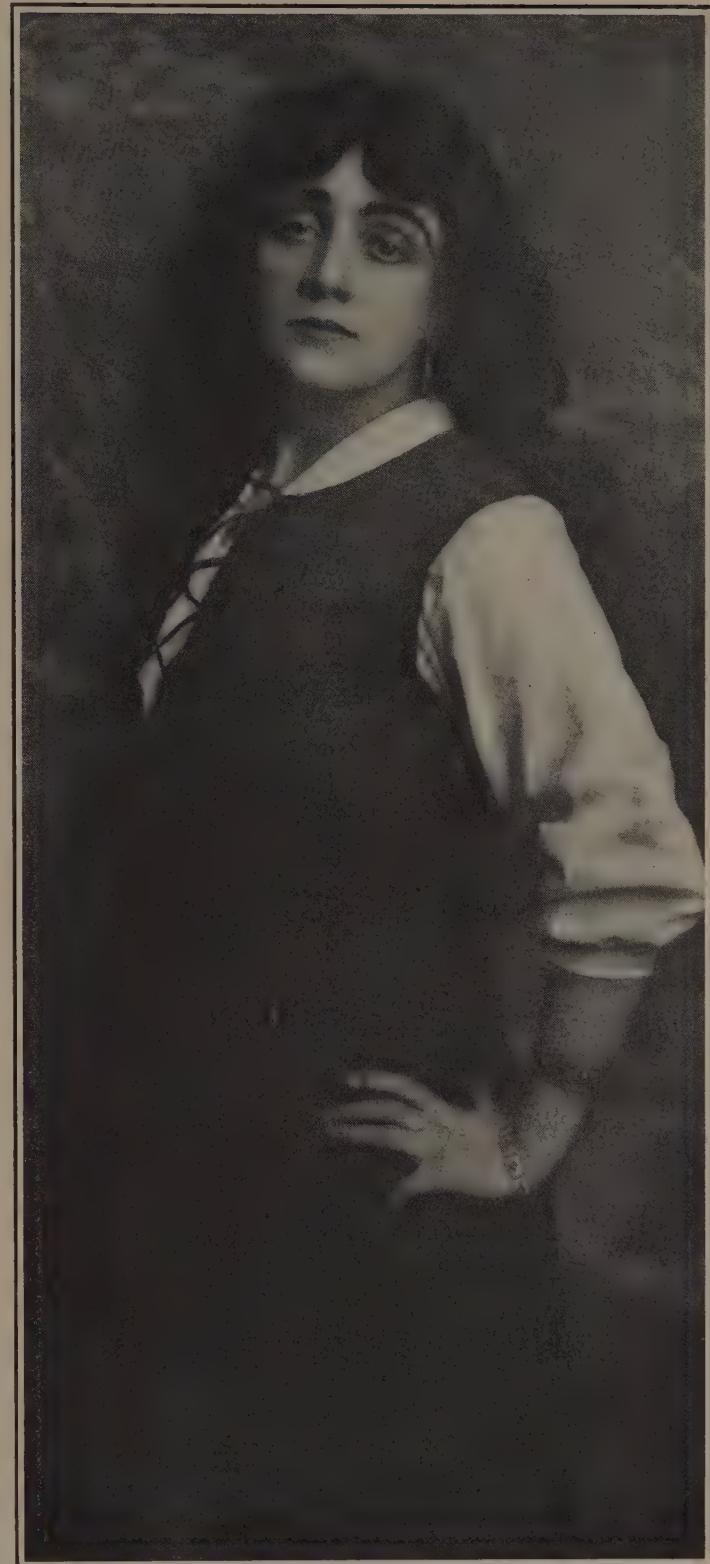
The system of self-training was a hard one. She began her theatrical life in vaudeville. Stock claimed and held her for years. To play one part well one must have played many parts as well as she could. Big on the horizon of her memory is the Pine Street Theatre in Seattle, where she played twice a day, for what seemed to her a long and painful time. Occasionally, to help the enterprise in its competition with the more fashionable playhouses, she sold tickets. They were poignant but developing times, as are all growing times. She will not return to Seattle, she says, until she is a permanently established star. Contrast is dramatic—and human.

The self-training went unconsciously on, as she observed how some persons act and how all persons live and the usual unlikeness between them. Her first flash of vision of natural acting came when she played Juliet in the Pine Street Theatre. She did not stand and declaim to the moon, but nearly tumbled from the balcony in her desire to reach the heart and the arms of her Romeo. The critics gathered to watch this new Juliet confessed they were thrilled, but complained that by her conversational reading and her leaning so perilously far from the balcony she smashed the traditions. The intrepid daughter of the land of hills and jaunting car and mirth and melancholy said the traditions might be —, she used a stronger term than smashed. Her vision broadened, she said, when she saw Nazimova in the Ibsen plays. There was courage in these performances, the courage of one who was willing and able to tread unknown paths, and the fact inspired her.

"And I studied Bernhardt. No, not studied her, drank her in. I think her the most natural actress in the world. And that reminds me"—with a whimsical smile she took the descent from the grave to the gay—"don't go to teas. They will prejudice you unless you are a rebel, as I am.

"Before I had seen Bernhardt I went to a tea and heard her talked over. 'She's a great woman,' said some languid person, 'but, my dear, don't sit near the front. Her teeth aren't good and they spoil the illusion.' And another said: 'Since she's grown older her stomach is so large.' Great heavens! when I got to the theatre I happened to sit near the front, and when that marvelous woman lived on the stage as I had seen people live, I didn't know whether she had teeth or a stomach. Her spirit mastered and swept me away."

We talked while the gas logs crackled, of her upward flight since a girl proposed to a man in "Alias Jimmy Valentine," and did it so deliciously that New York acclaimed something new in actresses, and repeated and strengthened its verdict when she was the Luana of "The Bird of Paradise." I asked her to account for her success. A personal version is always interesting, usually because it is so far from the truth. Again the likeness to the beautiful beast of the jungle obtruded, for she stretched her long, lithe limbs toward the fire and smiled and meditated.



Matzene

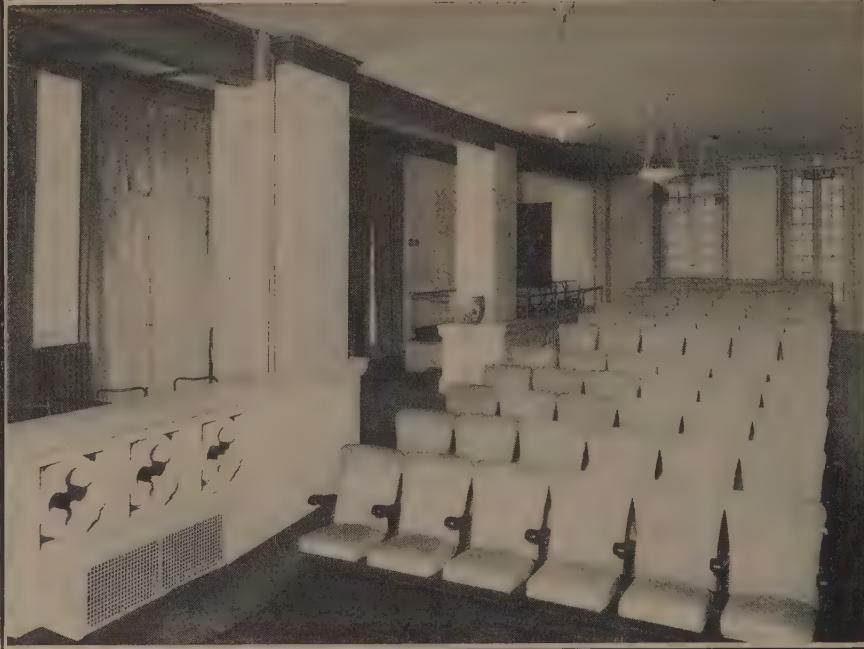
LAURETTE TAYLOR
In the title rôle of her next play "Barbareza"

"My mother says it was an accident of prenatal influence," she said. "She went to see 'Richelieu.' A lovely blonde played Julie. She doesn't remember her name, but she said, 'I want my little girl to be like her.' Mother made a serious mistake in the color scheme." Miss Taylor wagged her dark, thickly-thatched head, "though she won in the choice of my profession. But that is mother's reason. Mine is that I have always played a part as I thought and felt"—tapping her temple, then her bosom—"it ought to be played, not as anyone else wished me to play it. I never would be 'stayed.'"

David Belasco once named the three most natural actresses on the American stage. They are, he said, Laurette Taylor, Elsie Ferguson and Janet Beecher. And he knows. ADA PATTERSON.



Corner of the tea room



AUDITORIUM OF CHICAGO'S LITTLE THEATRE, WITH A CAPACITY OF NINETY-ONE



Corner of the tea room

WHENEVER a man has an idea yet can keep his feet on the actual solid fact of mother earth, he will never lack for those who will hold up his hands in the attempt to do something worth while. The Chicago Little Theatre, which for some years merely floated in the brain of Mr. Maurice Brown, is now expressed in tangible wall of brick, with chairs, lights, and all the practical paraphernalia, in attestation of this truth. Also the official title was rightly chosen, since the seating capacity of the auditorium is less than one hundred, ninety-one to be precise, which certainly may be said to constitute a "little theatre."

The movement for "The Elevation of the Drama," in all its manifold manifestations, with the blowing of horns, the beating of drums, the adhesion of learned societies, the literary propaganda, and the varieties of calamitous failure, might well have deterred the most ardent enthusiast, but Mr. Maurice Brown, though not tall of person, succeeded in the extraordinary feat of keeping his feet firmly planted on the earth while his head was up in the clouds. Thereby he was enabled to avoid two cardinal errors by establishing his enterprise on a financial scale which could be maintained, and retaining the absolute direction under his own hat, though this latter statement should be explained as including Ellen Van Volkenburg in full copartnership, but as she is also Mrs. Maurice Brown, it amounts to the same thing.

Some years ago the two met in Florence, and when Miss Van Volkenburg came home to Chicago Mr. Brown followed, leaving England to make his abiding place here by the lake, where he found an atmosphere, not

merely that for which we are so justly famed, but of open-mindedness and opportunity, that he is now a part and parcel of us with the desire to build his future here. Of course, it will take some generations yet before the name Chicago will materially alter its significance for the American people, but meanwhile things are being done here which will tell their own story.

Mr. Maurice Brown is no idle dreamer of Art, spelled with the largest A obtainable, but a human being, one with whom you can talk in comprehensible terms, finding out what he purposes to do and how he proposes to go about it, who felt that there was a place for intimate plays given in a suitable environment, and that whatever the outcome might be the undertaking "would be fun." He had no notion of revolutionizing the stage, of opening the eyes of the public to the charms of the "literary drama," but merely of choosing plays which had value as plays, because they illustrated some fact in life, and giving them in such fashion as would interest people, trusting that in this way they would be supported, for, as he said,

"If in the long run the thing be not good enough to gain the attention of the public, it will fail, and quite right too."

"I hate that term 'literary drama,' for what it has come to mean, but I cannot conceive of a really fine play without literary merit, because you cannot put down any essential fact in convincing manner without that truth of expression which is the basis of literature. There certainly has never yet been such a play written, and I do not believe there ever will be. But the first thing about a play must be its playable-



Maurice Brown as the Fool in Yeats' play, "On Baile's Strand"



Second Woman
(Elaine Hyman)

First Woman
(Alice Gostenburg)

Third Woman
(Florence Reckitt)

SCENE IN YEATS' PLAY, "ON BAILE'S STRAND," AT THE LITTLE THEATRE



Sarony

ANNE MEREDITH
Recently seen in the title rôle of "The Indiscretion of Truth"

ness, its getting at some truth in a way to drive it home to people, not a propagandizing thesis, or these horrible 'problem plays,' which are a kind of moral tract for the Sunday-school which somehow went wrong, but with actual relation to life so expressed as to mean something."

By last February Mr. Brown had found enough people interested in his ideas for him to feel that the time was ripe for the attempt, so he began active rehearsals with the company he had selected, which consisted of five professional actors, about a dozen amateurs who had had considerable practical experience, and half a dozen more, who looked promising but were quite green. They rehearsed practically every day from the early part of February until the time for the first performance, November 12, and this without any financial return, or immediate hope thereof, in fact, most of the men of the company were employed during the day in business, but so interested were they in the experiment that each one of them put in his vacation time rehearsing all day, and pretty much all night. It is, in a way, a sort of school of drama, though Mr. Brown strongly resents the term, also for what it has come to mean, with its "elocutionism and staginess," but was obliged to admit that he had not yet found a better term. "In the sense of the Moscow Theatre, or of the Irish Players at the beginning of the Abbey Theatre," he said, "I am willing to call it a school of drama, since actors must come from somewhere and learn their profession in some place, and it is our hope that in time every member of the company will receive a living wage, but at present only five people are paid anything at all, and they merely enough to make it possible for them to give all their time to the work."

A kind of supporting club was formed to pay the expenses necessary in providing a theatre, and a nook was found on the fourth floor of the Fine Arts Building, where it was possible to construct a theatre, seating ninety-one people, with a stage about the size of a room in an ordinary home, and a reception room where tea is served. About forty per cent. of this original cost has already been paid off, within the next two weeks forty more will have been liquidated, leaving so small a debt as to be negligible, and during the two months that the theatre has been open, the receipts have exceeded the expenditures by \$100 each month. Mr. Brown was frank in explaining ways and means.

"We had to figure it out so that the income would be larger than the outgo, for if the institution does not pay its way it will have to smash, and, as I said, if we cannot make it interesting enough so that people will care to come, it ought to smash."

The first production was "Womankind," by Wilfred Wilson Gibson, given for the first time in America, and "On Baile's Strand," of William Butler Yeats, which found the people of Chicago somewhat dubious as to what to think, though with an increasing consciousness that it was really worth while. The plan was to run a play a month, with two evening performances and one matinée each week, but that was at once found inadequate, so the number has been increased, though the utmost limit is four evenings and two matinées.

The second production was Granville Barker's paraphrase of Arthur Schnitzler's "Anatol," and during the same month of December Mr. Winthrop Ames was to bring his company from The Little Theatre of New York to the Fine Arts Theatre, in Chicago, which happens to be in the same building, and Mr. Brown owned the Chicago rights. He willingly gave Mr. Ames permission to bring the play, and

there was the interesting coincidence that the same drama was being given simultaneously in two theatres in one building.

Of course, comparison was inevitable, yet at first thought altogether unfair, for on the one hand were some of the best known actors of the American stage, and on the other a band of half amateurs, together as a company less than a year, and giving their second production, yet they did not fare so badly. Mr. Brown gave a special matinée for the New York people, over which Mr. Barrymore and Mr. Yorke were so outspoken in praise as to attract more attention to this Little Theatre than anything the Chicago people had done. "I cannot express to you how fine they have been in what they have said and done for us, but I shall always remember it, and the effect was noticeable at once at the box-office," was the way Mr. Brown put it.

They have plans laid and plays contracted for which will keep the company busy for the coming two seasons, and a mere list of titles shows the kind of purpose animating Mr. Brown. Gilbert Murray's translation of Euripides "Trojan Women," which has already been given, a new play of Maeterlinck, several of Gilbert Murray, translations of



Copy't Chas. Frohman Winthrop Clavering (John Emerson) Margaret Holt (Jane Grey)
Winthrop Clavering, dictating: "Gray eyes, brown hair—why, just about your height!"
SCENE IN "THE CONSPIRACY," NOW BEING PRESENTED AT THE GARRICK THEATRE

(Continued on page vii)

Percy Mackaye on the Civic Theatre

M R. PERCY MACKAYE has just issued his second volume of essays which he has entitled "The Civic Theatre." In this book he continues his earnest plea for a drama of democracy which he began several years ago in "The Playhouse and the Play." Both volumes consist of addresses delivered broadcast through the country and published in diverse magazines. Mr. Mackaye claims for himself the invention of the term "Civic Theatre," and it is because that term has in the popular mind been wrongly applied that his new book drives home repeatedly the essential characteristics of his idea—an idea, so he declares, which has been warmly accepted by the commercial manager and by the actor as possible of fulfilment.

We turn to "The Playhouse and the Play" for his defining of "the drama of democracy." He has therein much to say of the segregated drama, based on European ideals—drama as a fine art for the few; and of the vaudeville which he designates "as a heterogeneous entertainment for the many." Of the former, he writes:

"Our creative dramatists, our intelligent public opinion, are guided and enthused by European ideals, which, however admirable to their germane conditions, here, when transplanted to us, are at best a delight to those restricted few whom they thus educate, while at worst, their advocacy by that few permits of one mighty danger to our many; namely, that by importing a fine art which does not, of its nature, appeal to our masses, our masses shall remain without a fine art, and so retrograde. . . ."

Furthermore, he deplores the vitiating elements of vaudeville "as a substitute for a true drama of democracy." And because of a lack of fine art for the many, Mr. Mackaye pleads, in his first volume of essays, for a drama of democracy, and he mounts to heights beyond the dreams of theatrical avarice when he writes:

"A new drama, for though of necessity its main roots will strike for nutriment deep into English tradition and language, and permeate the subsoil of the centuries as far as the age of Pericles, yet trunk and themselves over the nation as indigenous and beneficent as our American elms."

Then, as poet and dramatist himself, he reaches his ultimate conclusion as to the dramatist of democracy:

"Dramatic poet he must be, for in the very nature of its ideal the drama of democracy will be a poetic drama. Not a revival of old forms, not an emulation of Elizabethan blank verse, but a fresh imagining and an original utterance of modern motives which are as yet unimagined and unexpressed."

In this slight synopsis of Mr. Mackaye's plea, are we not prepared for the next step in the evolution of his argument? The full title of his new book is "The Civic Theatre in Relation to the Redemption of Leisure." The civic theatre idea, he avers, "implies the conscious awakening of a people to self-government in the activities of its leisure," the civic theatre itself being "the efficient instrument of the recreative arts of a community." He selects as his motto in the movement for the reorganization of the people's leisure, the simple phrase "imagination in recreation."

Then Mr. Mackaye proceeds to outline what he means by constructive leisure. "Fundamentally," he writes, "the civic theatre idea is concerned with the problem of leisure: to extirpate the baneful habit of mature human beings—the habit of 'killing time.'" He would cope with the problem as a national one and has even suggested the establishment in Washington of a federal Public Amusement Commission, "whose duties (whether the

civic theatre idea as here set forth be adopted or not) should apply immediately to the pressing needs of constructive leisure in the nation, in a way analogous to the Country Life Commission, in relation to rural district needs."

In other words, Mr. Mackaye seeks for a drama which appeals to the many in the way that the folk song and folk tale appealed in days gone by. He would vindicate the art of the theatre, expressed differently in "The Playhouse and the Play," though in accord with Gordon Craig's theories in "On the Art of the Theatre"; he would likewise make room in the civic scheme of things for "a ritual of the people."

There is nothing chimerical in his claims; there is a possibility of accomplishment in all he suggests, even though the poet's imagination runs faster than accomplishment. There are ample evidences everywhere of a communal awakening of interest in dramatic expression. Mr. Mackaye is right in scoring our tried institutions such as the school, the library, and the church—all of which generally ignore the heritage of an art for the many. And he supports his thesis at every point with examples of actual accomplishment, which would indicate how widespread the movement is toward constructive leisure. In many churches, pageants and miracles are presented in which the church members participate; in the schools, as Mr. Percival Chubb has described in his book on "Festivals," our national holidays are being properly observed and celebrated; while civic authorities are caring for a sane Fourth of July and for typical yuletide observances which are open to all the people. Some day, every city may support an ideal cathedral of communal expression; the State may appropriate money for the care of its citizens' leisure, as it now does for the education of its youth and the maintenance of its highways. Already we have had educational theatres which have furnished better entertainment in congested quarters of the city,

and, what is more, have called into co-operation the mimetic powers of the people themselves. If, argues Mr. Mackaye, the College of the City of New York can flourish and perform its functions, endowed by civic appropriation; if the University of Wisconsin can fulfill its highest ideals, as a State institution, why may not theatres, similarly created, flourish and maintain high standards, not measured by commercial requirements? There are university players in existence to-day, exemplified by Mr. Coburn's company, that suggest the future possibility of a University Theatre Association; there are outdoor theatres, such as the one in Berkeley, California; while the pageant stage is to be seen in many small villages reclaiming the dead spirit of the inhabitants. Drama leagues are spanning the country, and schoolhouse plays reinforce the year's curriculum.

The experiments have even progressed so far that Mr. Mackaye claims for the technique in the art of the civic theatre that it conditions the use of the mask. Though his imagination exceeds practical results, the author of this new book of potent suggestions speaks from actual experience; he has been the prime mover in many of the pageants which have been given in the East and West, and these have included the Gloucester celebration, the Saint-Gaudens Masque at Cornish, N. H., the High Jinks of the Bohemian Club in the Red Woods of California, and others of a larger and more civic nature. He writes:

"The redemption of leisure by an art participated in by the people on a national scale would create such a counter demand



Genthe
PERCY MACKAYE
Author of "Canterbury Tales," "The Scarecrow," etc.

for craftsmanship in the humblest things as would revolutionize the present aspects of the machine-made world." This suggests the return to that method of co-operation which characterized the guild celebrations in mediæval times. Mr. Mackaye continues: "During the two months of preparation for the Gloucester pageant, the wives, sons and daughters of fishermen and tradesmen co-operated with their fathers, amid pleasure and excitement, in a festival for which their town voted a special holiday." Such is the ideal effect of communal constructive leisure!

The civic and State recognition of the theatre suggests to Mr. Mackaye an official post for the dramatist. In a later essay, "The Worker in Poetry," he more fully outlines the scope of the new drama, of the new expression offered by the acceptance of the civic theatre idea. Pageantry and its offshoots open an infinite field of technique for the poet. But Mr. Mackaye does not clearly differentiate between poets, and we begin to distrust his enthusiasm when he deplores that no theatre has yet been willing to offer to the public such strictly poetic attempts in dramatic

guise, as Olive Tilford Dargan's "The Shepherd," and Ridgely Torrence's "Abelard and Heloise." He does not clearly define what method the State should adopt in selecting its poets to be servants of the public. For there are many poetic plays written which are not deserving of theatre presentation—Tennyson and Browning included!

What will pageantry and other art forms of the civic theatre do for the people? They will encourage ancient prowess in athletics and necessitate such a stadium as has been given to the College of the City of New York; they will take care of foreign and native folklore—elements being ignored by our other educational institutions; they will develop and encourage native music such as Walter Damrosch composed for the Gloucester pageant, like F. S. Converse's score for the Pittsburgh pageant, and Arthur Farwell's efforts in the direction of municipal concerts in the parks for the people of the City of New York.

In his chapter on "Scope and Organization," Mr. Mackaye further differentiates. He says: "The Civic Theatre is not merely the

(Continued on page vi)



White
CHRISTINE NORMAN
Appearing as Ethel in "Peg o' My Heart"

T HAT acting in Germany is really a Is the Stage a Profession or a Trade?

profession for everyone who goes on the stage and that it is often no more than an intermittent activity in America, is the contention of Carl Sauermann, who is now appearing as Professor Bhaer in "Little Women." As he received all his training in the Vaterland, where he played the lead under the management of Brahms of the Lessing Theatre and of Max Reinhardt in Berlin, and as he has been in this country for five years at the Irving Place Theatre and playing in a vaudeville skit all over the country with the Orpheum circuit, one may well believe that he knows whereof he speaks.

"The conditions over there make it possible for any actor, from the time he first goes on the stage, to build up a career for himself," he said, "and that is because there is system and order in the theatrical world and because the actors and actresses have succeeded in forming a union which helps them to regulate their affairs and to guard their rights. This union, the 'Deutsche Bühnengenossenschaft,' publishes an almanac, a directory, if you will, in which each and every actor and actress is recorded with a list of parts they have played, the theatres they have played them in and the number of times they have played them. Besides this, it publishes a weekly paper which contains the program of each theatrical performance in any theatre in the entire empire. Thanks to this, if I want to, I can tell just exactly what rôle Meyer in Oldenburg is appearing in and what Schmidt is doing in Würzburg. This enables also the managers and the agents to watch you. I know that my contract expires in a few months, so I write to my agent in Berlin or Hamburg that I shall be free at such and such a time; he reads up in these papers what I am doing and by the time I come to him, he knows just exactly what it is that I want and he finds it for me. The same way with a manager. He is looking

for a man to play comedy character parts—what does he do? Refers to the directory to find such a one and then communicates with him through the weekly.

"Of course, you must remember, the stage is older in Germany; it has established more traditions, and education in the arts is much more each person's portion than it is here. Then, too,

there are better and more opportunities for learning stagecraft through the system of repertoire theatres. At each there are a few practised and experienced repertoire actors and a much larger number of 'volontaires'—what you might call apprentices—who receive perhaps 100 marks a month and the privilege of learning from watching rehearsals and taking small parts here and there. They are the little satellites about the stars, but if they are diligent, they grow up to be planets, too. As each company has a vast collection of plays, modern and classic, always in readiness, you can imagine how versatile an actor in one of the 'Residenz' or 'Hoftheater' (the municipal theatres with their permanent stock companies) becomes. Then these various troupes visit each other's towns, perhaps, and so their actors become known to the other managers and to the people in another town—and that, in turn, creates other openings.

"But here—what sort of a schooling do you offer your young people? You get a part by chance: you play it for six months or a year and then—what? You played one thing well, but what manager will take the risk that you can play something else just as well? You are a 'type' and until you can find something else just in 'your line,' as they say, you may go tramping for a while. And if you play on the road who knows your work? I do not say that this is always so, but it is pretty general. See all the young men and women sitting around in the agencies from the time they open until they close



White
CARL SAUERMANN
As Professor Bhaer in "Little Women"

at night, waiting, waiting for someone to come in who is looking for their "type." They are sitting there, hungry and unhappy and eager for work, but the manager, who has a very definite idea in his mind of the person for whom he is looking to fill, let us say, the part of a waiter, passes them all by and goes on. On the street, he sees the man he is looking for; he hails him. What is he doing? He is a waiter in so-and-so's. Good! What does he get there? Would he be willing, for a few dollars a week more, to take the part of the waiter in this play? Surely, and why not? If one can make a little more money at acting a waiter than at being a waiter, what harm to substitute the theatre for the restaurant for a while? The play is over; there are no more parts for waiters and our friend goes back to the restaurant again. That is not fiction I am telling you, it is the truth: I know of such a case and others like it, too. When you are changing professions like that continually, what incentive is there for doing your best work?

"How different all that is in Germany, where you know always that there is something ahead for you to work for; that everything you do or leave undone will count for or against you and that, so long as you do well and keep on improving, there will never be a need of your taking to bootblacking or manicuring to make a living. You may make the hit of your life here, on the road one year, and not have a thing to do the next. That could never happen with the system abroad, where the least little thing that you do becomes known—there, if you made a hit, you would go like hot cakes!"

"But how does the system keep the market from being overflowed?"

"At these repertoire theatres there are always

only so many positions and no more, and when a vacancy occurs it is filled by someone who held a like position in another theatre or a trained volunteer—seldom with a chance newcomer. The older actors all have contracts for several years, and every year there is always a general shift between the various theatres, so that though they have a feeling of safety for a few years, because they know where their bread and butter is coming from, they do not stagnate by being in the same place all their lives.

"I scold about these things, only because I know how they could be better, and because many people are suffering from conditions that should be changed. I could have talked to you all this time about the excellencies of the American stage. Although I had always heard that we of the foreign stage were more cultured, I have not found that to be the case. I have found, also, a much greater courtesy here, and in the production companies a much finer *esprit de corps* than one finds abroad. There is none of that bitter jealousy among the players, that arrogance and haughtiness which you find in the stock-company player."

If you expect Herr Sauermann's accent which he wears in "Little Women" to be a part of him as his whiskers are, you will be very much disappointed, for as soon as he is off the stage he drops it for a faultless English. He came over to play a "Gastrolle" at the Irving Place Theatre for a year, which means that he was to be guest of the American audience for that time before signing a ten-years' contract at the Municipal Theatre in Vienna. That was five years ago, but instead of returning to close the contract, he stayed to master our language, and to play in our theatres.

E. E. v. B.



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EDITH WYNNE MATTHISON AND CYRIL KEIGHTLEY IN "THE SPY"



FLORENCE FLEMING NOYES
A new exponent of the revived art of classic pantomime

Another New Art of the Theatre

AT the Rodin Conference in Paris last summer, held in connection with the Carpeaux-Ricard Exposition at the Tuilleries Gardens and presided over by the great sculptor himself, an unexpected feature of the program was the appearance of a new exponent of the revived art of classic pantomime and dancing. A special platform was erected and a replica of Carpeaux's famous "Groupe de la Danse," from the façade of the Paris Opera House, was a part of the background. The dancer was an American woman, Florence Fleming Noyes, of Boston, who is to impersonate Liberty in the pageant organized by Hazel Mackaye at Washington on March 3 in connection with the inauguration ceremonies.



Like that of her predecessors in this field, Miss Noyes's art relates itself first of all to sculpture. It has distinctive qualities and application, however, which contain promise of what may be called virtually a new dramatic art. And the theatre in America will become acquainted with it this season, for Miss Noyes will shortly appear in New York.

The name for her art creed, Miss Noyes says, is "The gospel of the spirit of things"—a gospel which, indeed, is the ultimate thing in all art, whether veiled in visions of romance or cast in the hard faces of realism. It is true there are times when this gospel seems to have been lost, confused or obscured by the very forms of its utterance. Just then it is, however, that the enduring ideality, struggling for purer expression, asserts itself to point back to its own simplicity. The cycle is complete, and we find ourselves in the age of symbolism once more.

Such an impulse moves, indeed, like a miraculous world intelligence. The same generation sees its Maeterlincks, Hauptmanns, Ibsens, Kennedys, D'Annunzios—to which priesthood we may add, with due meekness for America's belated honor to her chief prophetess, the name of Josephine Preston Peabody, and, of the same kindred, Percy Mackaye and Edward Knoblauch. There is Puvis de Chavannes in painting, and Rodin, great realist but greater symbolist, in sculpture. And there is Gordon Craig, with his new art of the theatre, a symbolic mystic setting

of the stage which has brought to the drama a new significance.

More striking, however, than any other response to this world impulse is the development of an entirely new art out of one that had been lost for centuries. Here, moreover, it is interesting to see that America takes foremost place, and through her women. Two of them, Isadora Duncan and Maud Allan, independently inspired and each working out an individual art, revived the classic dance. Now, more recently, a third, not a follower of either of the others, but developing independently her kindred talent, has appeared to lure us back farther still, to pure lyric pantomime. Max Reinhardt brought us pantomime in "Sumurun," with his German players. But Florence Fleming Noyes offers a pure symbolism in a return to the Greek spirit of abstract beauty, expressed in the rhythm of the human body.

To the true artist, art is a religion. The art of the Greeks was inseparable from their religion and from their patriotism as well. Beauty was a deity; the creation or expression of beauty was a service to the state. *Mens sana in corpore sano* was an æsthetic as well as a practical ideal, in pursuit of which the Greeks left to the succeeding ages a model of physical perfection never since approached. It was through their physical perfection, the response to their mental concepts and emotions, the action and interaction of mind and body upon each other, Miss Noyes believes, that their art spirit found the beautiful means of expression which has left us the wonderful sculptures of the Phidian age; and we, by our own right thinking, can be



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MISS NOYES IN CLASSIC POSE

physically perfect as were they; producing likewise a perfect and new art of our own. Therefore, to her the perfection of the response of the human body is both a religion and an art, imposing upon the individual the high obligation both of noble thought and of means to express it. Keeping ever in view the ideal, the body and its perfections become the beautiful instrument which shall sing the soul within it. It is the symbol of a beauty which transcends the mortal image.

So mystic a conception seems perhaps to elude the purposes of the drama. At the beginning of all art, however, is rhythm. The beginning of the drama is pantomime, which is expression in bodily motion, bodily rhythm. And to have the definition quite clear, let us quote Arthur Symons, who says, in his "Studies of Seven Arts": "It is an error to believe that pantomime is merely a way of doing without words, that it is merely the equivalent of words. Pantomime is thinking overheard. It begins and ends before words have formed themselves, in a deeper consciousness than that of speech." There is that in the drama—indeed, the essence of the symbolistic drama is that which no words can express. "And pantomime has that mystery which is one of the requirements of true art," says Mr. Symons again.

It is the supreme expression of this mystery that Miss Noyes is seeking. In "Sumurun" it is the definite, the concrete, the earthy, human passion and impulse that the actors show. Contrasting with this, it is the direct, abstract, distilled emotion of the classic spirit that the lyric pantomime of this dancer expresses.

In exposition of her theories, this artist has developed a technique which rivals Isadora Duncan's. Essentially, their basis is the same, namely, the principle of training every muscle of the body to perfect responsiveness, and that other principle of a dominant centre for all movements, the folding and unfolding of all parts of the body from that centre. That exquisite delicacy of movement which makes the hand into the drooping petal of a flower, that lightness and grace of limb which lift the body as on wings and make of it a poem, these are achieved by the smooth and perfect development of every muscle, every part, which is given its every normal function in response to a mental concept of beauty. A new standard of beauty, of course—not our fettered, artificial, conventionalized standard of the human figure, but the classic outline and even grace of the ancient Greek. And how altogether desirable is such a standard may be



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Tanagra dance derived from the
poses of famous figurines



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"HEBE" DANCE

realized when Miss Noyes dances. She dances, however, not to interpret music. Rather is she Hebe, dancing her innocence, or Galatea, in her joy of new-found life. Then, indeed, is she truly the spirit of things, a lyric, rhythmic loveliness in human form etherealized, translated into the ultimate purity.

It is not in her dancing, however, that this artist will achieve her aim. Her art is so practical a religion that its external expression, its voice, as it were, is but a means to her greater purpose, which is to teach rhythmical bodily expression for its combined ethical and artistic value. She would spiritualize the body, mentalize it with pure thoughts and emotions, for the sake of human happiness, creating this beauty for beauty's own sake and for its reaction as inspiration to humanity. "It is not what you think but the thoughts

that you respond to, not what is impressed but what is expressed, that registers in outward form." Especially in these days of overdevelopment of the mental faculties, the emphasis should be on physical training to restore psychical and physical co-ordination.

The keynote of these precepts is spontaneity, the method is primarily that of Dr. Charles Wesley Emerson, whose pupil Miss Noyes was. The first principle is complete relaxation and the destruction of muscular habits, then the perfection of muscular responsiveness. The healthy, evenly developed, natural human body is a beautiful object which is correlative to a healthy and therefore noble mind, which in its turn has its expression in the body. The cultivated, imaginative mind conceives images of beauty to which the body responds, and to the measure of its responsiveness is the sublime beauty and the great art work accomplished.

"For the soule the bodie forme doth take,
For soule is forme and doth the bodie make."

At this point, however, enters a new school of aesthetics, the teachings of Mrs. Lucia Gale Barber, who saw in Florence Fleming Noyes what she termed her "dream-come-true." Her art creed embraced the fundamental muscular responsiveness taught by Dr. Emerson's expressive physical culture but far more essentially it dwelt upon culture of the imagination. It would train the mind to concepts not of modern materiality, but of the universal spirit, divesting itself of tradition and civilization, and traversing the ages back (Continued on page viii)

The Greatest French Dramatist Since Molieré

At last Eugene Brieux's sensational play, "Damaged Goods," is to be produced in the United States. This piece, by one of the most unconventional of French dramatists, is perhaps the most startling propagandist drama that has ever been written. In fact, it is one of the very few plays that has ever been suppressed by the French Government. Under the supervision of M. Brieux the original play, entitled "Les Avariés," was produced privately a few years ago, and afterwards further performance was denied. Later a private performance was given in London. Now it is announced that those two popular American actors, Richard Bennett and Wilton Lackaye, have assembled a capable company which will shortly produce "Damaged Goods" in New York before a select invited audience at the Astor Theatre.

The play was first given to American readers in a volume of three translations, published last year with a preface by Mr. Bernard Shaw. It deals with the effect upon a family of a disease handed down by the father. Pathological subjects of this nature have for some time past been frankly discussed in the lay magazines and newspapers, and also on the lecture platform, so it is doubtful if the authorities could consistently interfere to prevent a private presentation on the ground of public policy.

in book form created a considerable stir at the time and forced Brieux upon the attention of a very large number of American readers. Even before this, however, the name of this dramatist was looming very large.

In common with that of Granville Barker, Brieux's work possesses characteristics that have not always been associated with the stage, for many of his plays are, at least in part, purely discursive. And in the subjects treated, moreover, his plays represent a radical departure from the methods of other European writers.

It was Mr. Laurence Irving who first brought Brieux to the notice of American theatregoers. The critics had heard of him as a strange Parisian who, because of his choice of subjects, was hailed by a few as the legitimate successor of Ibsen. The general public, however, preferred to regard him as a sociologist rather than primarily as a playwright. At all events, they did not believe that he was to be taken very seriously.

This was certainly the standpoint of even the French public at the beginning of Brieux's career. In 1909 Mr. Irving translated and produced "Les Hannetons," which he entitled "The Incubus," and which began its short career in New York with mild praise from some critics as an enjoyable but trivial comedy and with very little attention from theatregoers in general. The following year Mr. Irving changed the name of his play to "The Affinity," and this may have gained for it a strengthened interest, for soon afterwards he produced his own adaptation of "The Three Daughters of Monsieur Dupont," which may be considered one of the greatest of Brieux's plays and one of the most notable productions which New York has seen in many years. It was this play among others which led Shaw to remark that Brieux was the greatest French dramatist since Molieré. Mr. Irving himself declared that he regarded Brieux as the greatest dramatist since Shakespeare—astounding praise from one who has been schooled from babyhood in the great works of dramatic literature, and whose father was responsible for some of the most adequate productions that these great works of literature received.

"The Three Daughters of Monsieur Dupont" is terrific in its onslaught on the conditions of marriage at the present day. The smaller and more particular of these conditions are distinctly French. But below these characteristic superficialities, behind these circumstantial facts, are the truths that are as significant in New York as in Paris. For many of them hit home very hard was evident to anyone who looked around the audience at a performance of the play. This play deals with three types of the modern woman: the typical old maid, the typical marriageable girl, and the typical woman who has gone out into the world to find some kind of work and follow it. There is also the splendidly drawn character of the talkative old French father and his silent little wife, and the strapping, stupid, masculine husband whom the young girl marries, and his fat, masterful mother and cringing, henpecked little father. Each of the characters is set forth with exceeding accuracy and fineness of touch. The drama centres about the marriage of the youngest daughter, a marriage of convenience, in which the chief actors begin to know each other after the ceremony has been performed. Out of this situation Brieux builds a most dramatic scene.

Among the most vital of the Brieux dramas is "Maternity," which Mr. Irving wished to produce during his sojourn in America, but which he did not dare to risk before a mixed public. This play deals more specifically with the conditions both of womanhood and of marriage. It shows more conclusively perhaps than anything that has ever been written that this is a man's world. It forces home more convincingly than any tract could do the unfairness of the position not only of the mother who is husbandless, but of the wife who is childless through her husband's wish, and of the wife who has borne a dozen children against her will.

Altogether M. Brieux has written twenty-five plays, one of which, "The Deserter," was done in collaboration with M. Jean Sigaux; another, "The Chain," was dramatized from a novel of M. Paul Hervieu.

"Blanchette," which was first produced at the Théâtre Libre in 1892, set forth the folly of educating people above their station in life. It was this play that first brought Brieux to the attention of a foreign public, although it has never been produced in English. Following this play were many of equal force and effectiveness, and even greater dramatic vigor, embracing a great variety of social subjects. "The Benefactors," for example, shows in a keenly ironic way how futile is charity as ordinarily dispensed. "The Result of the Races" traces the steady decline of a good workman's family because of the allurements constantly held out to his one weakness, his fondness for horse-racing. "The Red Robe," which received the signal honor of being crowned by the French Academy, treats in an absorbingly tense drama of the manner in which some of the judges of France are forced to be unfair—sometimes cruelly and criminally unfair—in order to make a record for many condemnations and so stand in line for promotion. "The Substitutes" tells of the horrors inflicted on the wives and families of certain workmen by the abuse of the system of nursing. "Simone," one of his latest and best works, attacks the immorality of so-called "smart" society and its results; while "The Lonely Woman," Brieux's latest play, condemns society's unfair attitude toward the unmarried woman.

It has been said that Brieux is a

(Continued on page ix)



EUGÈNE BRIEUX
Author of "Damaged Goods," etc.



JULIA MARLOWE AS OPHELIA IN "HAMLET"



White



JOSEPH (Brandon Tynan) LEADING HIS FATHER'S FLOCKS TO PASTURE



"Joseph and His Brethren"—a Pageant Play



White Joseph Zuleika
 (Brandon Tynan) (Pauline Frederick)
Scene in Act I. Zuleika: "Thou shalt be my lord's
slave—and mine"

has subordinated incidents made prominent in the Bible, such as the repeated visits of the brothers to Joseph in the days of the famine when he is governor of Egypt, and enlarged the love interest and the villainy. To this end he has introduced Asenath, daughter of Potipherah, priest of On, into the household of Potiphar at the very beginning of Joseph's career. In the Bible, she is referred to, for the first time, after Pharaoh made Joseph governor over his lands "and gave him to wife Asenath." Similarly, he has made of Zuleika, Potiphar's wife, the demoness *ex machina*, about whom the dramatic interest of the play centres. Her co-villain is Simeon, son of Leah, mentioned in the Bible only as that brother whom Joseph held as hostage when he bade his other brothers return to Jacob and fetch him Benjamin but distinguished by Mr. Parker as the meanest, the most jealous of the brothers, the leader in all the plots connived against Joseph.

The play is divided into four acts with thirteen scenes. It opens upon a shaded plateau from which the tents of Shechem may be seen in the distance through a frame of waving palm trees. It is the still moment just before dawn. Slowly the rosy light of morning creeps down the sides of the mountains until the whole landscape is baking in the glare of the Eastern sun. Gradually the scene comes to life. Slaves in picturesque

To describe the pageant play, "Joseph and His Brethren," were to enumerate the shades of color in the rainbow and to recite from the pages of an art manual; to criticise its authenticity as a pictorial Biblical drama were to assume the authority of an archaeologist. Mr. Parker has treated the narrative we find in the Book of Genesis—expanded it here, contracted it there. He has added incident to complete his story, he has ignored detail to simplify it. To meet the demands of the drama, for instance, the playwright

scantiness of attire pass to and fro carrying water in skins from a well; women in dark-colored garments, balancing water jars saunter by; camels and a herd of young asses are driven past by more brown-skinned slaves. Finally the sons of Jacob come upon the scene, swarthy, muscular full-grown men whose costumes declare them to be shepherd warriors, whose bearing proclaims their lineage and power. From their speech one gathers that they favor Joseph, the first-born of Rachel, not so much as does their father, who would commemorate his coming to manhood by the gift of a coat of many colors and a proclamation that there shall be great feasting and dancing when evening comes. Scorning Joseph as a foolish dreamer of dreams, they yet fear his power of interpretation and are jealous of his favors.

Asher, the son of Zilpah, brings the news that a caravan is approaching their wells in Dothan, whereat Jacob bids them begone with fruits, rich woven stuffs and spices rare to barter with the wayfarers. So we see them again at



Pauline Frederick as Zuleika, wife of Potiphar

the wells of Dothan, an oasis in the desert vastness, where they busy themselves arranging the display of their riches with which they mean to beguile the travellers. Reuben is sent on, as Jacob's eldest born, to meet them. Joseph, having been detained by his mother, who feared his going forth, the brothers hold counsel and goaded by Simeon, determine that "what is not done for us, we must do for ourselves." There is a dry pit at hand, wherein dwell evil things—the sides are smooth, "we have no rope. If he fell in, by mischance"—the suggestion is enough.

A gorgeous caravan draws near; first runners on foot, then bronzed slaves carrying weighty burdens, warriors heavily armed on horse and on foot; two camels bearing women closely veiled and a third, magnificently caparisoned with a howdah more variegated in its coloring than Joseph's coat which takes its stand near the dry well. The rear of the caravan is filled with more warriors, some in blue and white striped hoods and jackets, others in terra-cotta and bright blue and yet again others clad in the skins of leopards bearing large shields decorated in motives of Assyrian geometrical design. Heru, the captain of the caravan, barters with Simeon for his display of treasures, when a voice from the depths of the pit is heard to chant:

"The Lord, my God; the Almighty God,
He shall lift me out of the mire."

It is Joseph's voice.



White

Brandon Tynan

Pauline Frederick

Act II. Zuleika: "My eyes are bound into thine"

"Who mocketh at my gods? Who singeth of a god that is greater than mine?"

demands a woman's voice resounding in anger from behind the curtains of the howdah.

She orders her slaves to bring the blasphemer of her gods forth and have him slain. As the knife is raised in obedience to her command, she stays it, crying,

"Wait, I would see!"

The curtains of the howdah part, revealing the most beautiful of women, pale and dark, peering forth from underneath rosy, purplish scarfs that look like the seven evening stars. Joseph turns toward her; their eyes meet.

She changes her command, ordering Neru to buy Joseph from his brothers that she, Zuleika, may bring him as a slave to Potiphar, her betrothed.

Twenty pieces of silver pay for Joseph's freedom and the caravan moves on. But how shall the brothers tell Jacob of what has befallen? Simeon has prepared the way. It is to leave Joseph's precious coat of many colors, dabbled in the blood of a goat's kid where Reuben will find it upon his return. He will tell his own tale—"Are there no lions in Dothan?"

It is evening. Guests and minstrels and dancers are gathered in Jacob's tent. The wind so blows that the yellows, reds and greens of the silken draperies mingle into an indistinct pattern with the vibration. Oil lamps cast their dim lights over the scene, which is lighted up now and again by the flickering flashes of torches. Serving maids in long, dark robes and scarfs of contrasting colors wound about their heads and shoulders, pour wine for the guests into shallow cups from huge earthen jars. Strange fruits—

Brandon Tynan Pauline Frederick
Act II. Zuleika: "Thou art mine!"





White

Brandon Tynan Frank Losee
Act II. Joseph sent away to prison on the accusation of Potiphar's wife

Pauline Frederick

melons, grapes, pomegranates—are piled high in great heaps about the room; there is an air of gayety and festivity mingled with a sense of apprehension.

A dance, accompanied by weird music and chanting, is interrupted by the wild raging of the storm and the sudden entrance of Reuben, frenzied, and bearing the blood-stained coat of many colors that tells the revellers its own tale of horror and sorrow.

It is in Egypt, in the house of Potiphar, that we find ourselves in the second act. Through the square pillars of the porch, at one side, one sees the heavy blue sky of night purpling the shadows of the dying sun. Within, the reds and greens of the mural decorations are offset by the green bronze incense stands and the dark green and gold of a high-throned chair. To the lavenders

and pinks and blues of slave girls the greens and browns of the men is added the Tyrian purple of Potiphar's robe, bordered with emerald green. But the climax in color effect is not reached until Zuleika arrives, a glittering, shimmering being, a rainbow set in jewels.

Potiphar, being summoned by Pharaoh to go to war, departs, reluctant to leave Zuleika and puts his entire household in charge of Joseph, who has become his most trusted servant. The next evening in the garden where acacias and sycamores stand boldly forth in the silhouette against the moon and the starlit sky, Joseph finds his love, Asenath, overhears a plot to kill Pharaoh, made out between his chief baker and the lord treasurer and receives a summons to come to Zuleika. To the maid who brings the message he replies. *(Continued on page x)*



White

Horace James

Charles Herman

Brandon Tynan

Frank Woolfe

Act III. Joseph interprets the dreams of the butler and baker

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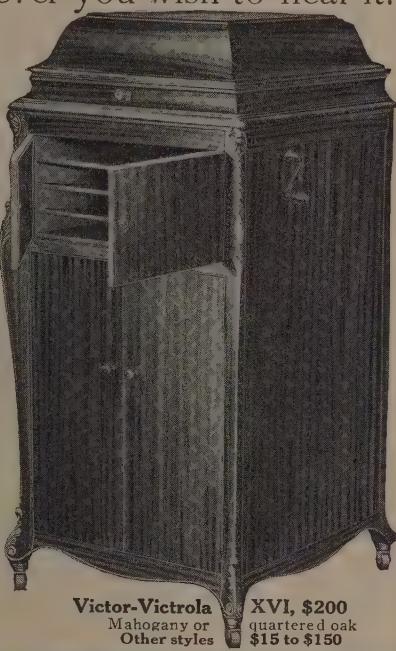
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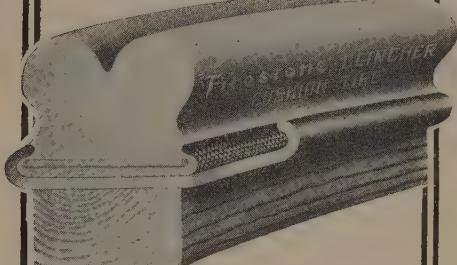
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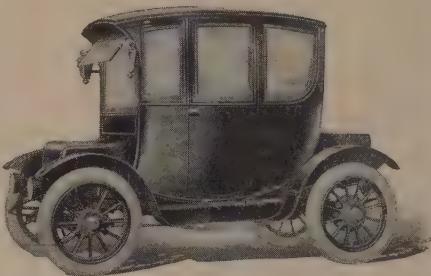
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PERCY MACKAYE

(Continued from page 88)

commercial theatre, reformed; it is not an art theatre for art's sake alone; it is not the municipal theatre of Europe transferred to American soil; it is not an organization on the precedent of the New Theatre in New York (which in a later chapter Mr. Mackaye says failed because it was not an endowed institution, and was not dedicated to a definite policy of public service); it is not primarily a repertory theatre, though it probably would be; it is not necessarily a theatre owned by a community—though it preferably should be."

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What's Wrong with the Stage?

(Continued from page 80)

rapidity and such frequency that much of the acting must needs be slovenly. If the manager can get the right "type" for the part, that is the actor or actress who fulfills the physical qualifications of the rôle, he thinks he has done his duty by the public who comes to see his play, and unfortunately this would seem to be true when we consider the high rating which is often given really commonplace acting.

Through the abandonment of the repertoire and stock company systems, our players have become specialists in various lines and lack the ease, the flexibility and breadth which come from a vigorous training in a round of parts. Our actors present types, they are not versatile, well-rounded artists. The realistic actor accustomed to repression is wanting in variety and resourcefulness and he fails utterly in the realm of the imaginative drama simply through a lack of the proper training. How can we expect our players to grow in artistic stature if we do not give them the chance?

If we would have great acting once more, we must pay more attention in the future to that type of drama which calls for the display of im-



William Montgomery and Florence Moore in a National car

agination, fire and dramatic power—for expression rather than repression. What our players need is an opportunity to play many parts and many kinds of parts in the course of a season. If we provide this opportunity the truly great actor will come once more to grace our stage.

We have now come to the last division of our problem—the producer. The average manager more than any other one individual is to blame for the present low ebb of dramatic art in the United States, and it is the "commercial" manager in particular who has ground acting and the drama into the mire, commodities to be bought and sold like any ordinary bits of merchandise. The average American manager to-day is nothing but a money-grabbing tradesman whose sole thought is the reaping of a golden harvest, and there is no dramatic ideal or code of ethics he will not sacrifice for the sake of the American dollar. What a contrast to the American manager of a generation ago! There were commercial managers then—men who made their living by producing plays—men like Daly, Palmer and Wallack, but to them the stage was first of all an art, the business side was of minor importance. A reasonable profit on their investment of time and money was all they asked. Not so with your modern manager. A play must have unlimited drawing power regardless of artistic considerations to appeal to the showman of today. The cheap, the vulgar, the meretricious play—if it succeeds in attracting the public, the managers let loose a flood of similar productions

(Continued on page xii)

The Little Theatre in Chicago

(Continued from page 86)

Euripides' "Medea," "Hippolytus," and "The Bacchae," plays of Donald Breed, Alice Brown, Swinburne, Strindberg, including a number of first performances in America, with the producing rights invested in Mr. Brown, "and in every case without one cent of advanced royalty. Not one play that we asked for has been refused us, and several have been given where the authors could have received much larger returns from other managers than we could possibly offer, because they were in sympathy with our aims."

"The Little Theatre" is the outward expression of Mr. Maurice Brown and Ellen Van Volkenburg, with the plays to be given, mode of production, and every detail determined by them. "Only once has there been the slightest attempt at dictation by any of our supporting members, which was quite easily settled by returning the subscription of the dissatisfied one, for whatever is done in this world, whether it be the running of a railroad, a butcher shop, or a theatre, must have one responsible head. We have made mistakes, and, of course, shall make many more; but we are learning all the time, having wit enough to know a stone wall after we have bumped against it a few times, but without the paralysis that comes from seven heads, each one with different ideas and all pulling in opposite directions."

"We have no special purpose to make propaganda for American playwrights, though, other things being equal, we should give the preference to America over Europe, and to Chicago over any other place; but the important thing is that the play shall be worth something. If we give interesting productions, the future will take care of itself, and we welcome the general public to the full extent of our seating capacity. For our members we charge fifty cents, while the public is asked to pay only a dollar, and if we cannot give them the value we have not the slightest intention of asking for support on the grounds of patriotism, of the elevation of the drama, or in any other form of charity. Meanwhile we are having the time of our lives."

"The Little Theatre" is established on a plan of such intelligence, and giving such interesting performances, that its future seems assured, and Mr. Brown has the heartiest good wishes of all who have had the pleasure of visiting the home of his enterprise.

KARLETON HACKETT.

AT THE OPERA

(Continued from page 70)

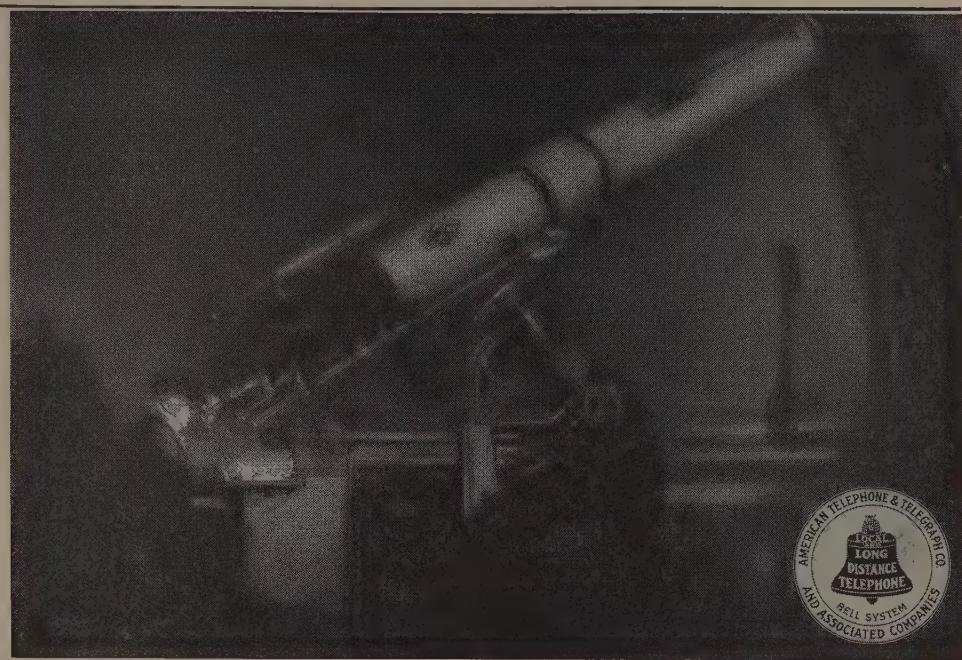
his jealous scenes, and Alda has never sung so well as she did in the heavenly music allotted to Desdemona. Scotti sang and acted Iago in a manner that betokened him a master among artists.

In the rôle of Violetta, in "La Traviata," Frieda Hempel disclosed a new side to her art, proving that she is an actress of exceptional ability—for a coloratura singer.

Then the visiting opera company from Philadelphia-Chicago gave a single performance—the first of a series of four—and revived Charpentier's "Louise," which had been neglected for a season. It was Mary Garden's first appearance here this year, but the title rôle of this opera is scarcely her best rôle. She acted it with all the Garden mannerisms, never conveying the least illusion, and her singing was really sad. Dalmore as Julien was not at his best either, so the honors went to Dufranne in the rôle of Father, and Berat acting the Mother.

So much for opera. With the Christmas holidays safely behind them, concert artists have spurned themselves to great activity, filling afternoons and evenings with song sonatas and symphonies. Chief among these events was the return of Elena Gerhardt, famous German Lieder singer, who captivated her audiences completely both in concert and recital. As a challenge to her art came Julia Culp, a Dutch Lieder singer of great renown who is also mistress of her art.

Among a host of pianists, too numerous to mention, there was one of exceptional promise, deserving of encouragement. He is an American, David Sapirstien, still a youth, but very earnest, very ambitious. His playing has some of the faults of youth, but his interpretations show a thinking musical brain. He has technique, a good tone and ideals. These, combined with his ambition, should prove valuable assets in his struggle for artistic recognition. Miss Betty Askenasy, a young Russian pianist, who made her début before this public at Aeolian Hall, on January 25th, played with understanding and feeling and displayed a finished technique.



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Another New Art of the Theatre

(Continued from page 91)

to antiquity and the original purity of the primitive soul. The body would become no longer the human form, but a lyrical ideal of physical beauty, carving in air with its rhythms, as Botticelli limned on canvas, pure melodies in line. The winds of the heaven would play upon it as a divinely attuned instrument, sounding the marvelous harmonies of all-pervading mystical purity and transcendent loveliness. Not things themselves, but the spirit of things, is what this art strives to express.

That such a creed and its practice has high significance in the arts is self-evident. It would seem also to be to the drama, especially the symbolistic, mystic drama, that it has its most immediate application. And from this viewpoint the subject offers interesting and stimulating suggestions.

At a glance, and with recollection of Sarah Bernhardt, the great exponent of Delsarte, one sees the value of technical physical training for the actor. It means the perfection of pantomime, spontaneous expression of the mental concept by all parts of the body—and this is, or should be, the foundation of the acted drama. After that, but not without it, come the superstructure and adornment of words.

But particularly consider the poetic drama. Its personages spiritualized, their pantomime itself a lyric, the lines would be truly the musical wings of the action which they are intended to be. And of the poetic drama, consider the elusive Maeterlinckian conceptions thus presented. Suppose our actors were all so trained in lyric pantomimic expression that we might see all of a cast as mystically poetic as was Miss Gwendoline Valentine as Water in "The Blue Bird"? Or as much the spirit of Youth as was Miss Patricia Collinge in "Everywoman"?

And then suppose—at the risk of ostracism for our presumption, no doubt, but still—suppose that Gordon Craig were to stage a Wagnerian opera, as Mr. Symons suggests, and then suppose that pantomimists of Miss Noyes' school should fill the stage, giving us in a visual, silent rhythm the action of the drama while the orchestra gives us the music? There are people, as Mr. Symons reminds us, who prefer Wagner's music in the concert room to Wagner's music even at Bayreuth, and he thinks that Mr. Craig might perhaps reconcile them to a stage performance. There are other people who can never reconcile themselves to opera—can never conquer the sense of incongruity and even absurdity in dialogue sung. To such people the intensely material presence of the singers works against the enchantment of the music. The Wagner personages were beings of no time or place; they were symbols of ideas. They need, then, symbolic interpretation, the mystery of pantomime. A silent picture, enveloped in the atmosphere of heavenly orchestral voices, would seem to be near the poetic expressiveness the Wagner music-drama was designed to have, but, to many people, never attains when sung.

Without looking so far ahead as a revolution in the presentation of Wagner, however, there is importance in the fact that Miss Noyes' ambition is to make her art a basic thing of permanent value. She believes that it is needed as an element of dramatic training, and it is primarily to professional actors and singers that she wishes to teach it. In the establishment of this principle we shall owe to her a new quality in dramatic art and new artists of a school which will meet the needs of the symbolist movement in the theatre—a movement for which as yet the poet playwright finds all too few players to interpret him.

ETHEL M. SMITH.

John Drew lately dropped in at the Players Club after a tiresome railroad journey from the city. Contrary to his usual custom the actor dashed past the door tenders, without checking his coat or hat, much less taking pains that his name on the club list should be pegged as present. But there were new attendants at the door. Mr. Drew started quickly upstairs, but he had not reached the top before his coat tails were seized by a stout hand and his ears struck by a loud voice saying, "What name, please?" "Drew," was the answer. "What Drew," the attendant persisted, still holding on to the coat tails. "Oh, Drew blazes!" answered the actor, getting netted. "Very well, Mr. Blazes," said the attendant, releasing his grip and returning to the printed list on the club door to place a pin opposite the name O. Drew Blazes as present or accounted for.

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(Continued from page 92)

pessimist. But only those who see nothing but the surface could really believe that. The man himself is a contradiction of it. His earnest face possesses eyes that light up with love and enthusiasm when he grows interested in his subject. And his anger is never directed against individuals, but against wrongs. It is indeed because he loves people so thoroughly that he so strongly wishes to improve their condition. A pessimist, seeing no good in human nature, contents himself with grumbling about it. It is only the great optimist who is not baffled by a multitude of troubles, but goes bravely out to fight them one by one. It is because he believes in humanity that he believes it can improve, and that it is worth while trying to help it. In these plays, every evil that the author points out is one for which he sees and suggests a remedy—sometimes briefly, sometimes in detail. The plays are not depressing; they merely deal with depressing conditions. Really they are invigorating, because they show how these conditions can be done away with.

Not all of his plays treat of the ills brought about by wrongs. In some, Brieux shows people who, realizing these wrongs and knowing what to do to overcome them, succeed in becoming happy. "The Evasion" is a story of a girl condemned by medical authorities to suffer from heredity, and a man who staunchly believes that will power can overcome the inherited troubles, who marries her, and who succeeds gloriously in helping to contradict the physicians' prophecy and triumphantly to evade her evil inheritance. In "Suzette," another of his works, he shows how truth and love triumph over the conventional idea of what is right, and how thus two lovers are restored to happiness in a union that was for a time seriously threatened by a separation, which outsiders thought should be, but which neither of the two chiefly involved desired. In "The Frenchwoman," the author has written a delightful comedy showing how lovely and lovable the real woman of France is, as opposed to the idea of that woman that foreigners conceive from tales of "wicked Paris."

In spite of the fact that Brieux writes not merely to amuse, he always entertains. Some of his dramas get a little lost as drama because of the author's interest in the doctrine he is to preach. But most of them are absorbing stage vehicles and free from staginess. He is probably now the most widely known French dramatist and the most often produced. In the smaller cities of France, too, he is popular. Even amateurs perform his works. This is a proof that he knows how to make a good drama as well as how to develop a valuable theme. His pieces are theatrically effective without being theatrically tricky.

And yet, in spite of all this, it was years before he managed to procure a production—and then not through ordinary means, but through the keen insight of one who has been a great benefit to the French stage, M. André Antoine. To him Brieux wrote, in regard to "Blanchette": "My dear friend, for ten years I carried my manuscripts around to all the theatres of Paris; most often they were not even read. Thanks to you, thanks to the Théâtre Libre, I can now learn the profession of dramatist."

B. RUSSELL HERTS.

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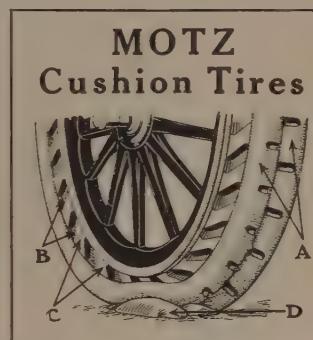
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Joseph and His Brethren

(Continued from page 96)

"I will not come."

"I cannot carry so rough an answer."

"Speak it gently; I have no other."

When this answer is brought to Zuleika she renews her summons under the guise of having news of a plot against Potiphar's life. This ruse brings him to her chamber, a blue-green room, decorated with a frieze of Assyrian warriors, hung with heavy silken curtains and filled with incense and the heavy perfume of lilies and lotus flowers. In the centre stands a towering statue of Astarte, the protectress of hapless women, and round about it mysterious agents of magic and incense-bearing tripods. At one side is a long, low couch, at the other a mammoth crystal that reflects the changing light of the flickering, colored lamps. Before it, studying these changes, stands Zuleika, her face, transparent in its paleness against the ebony of her soft, waving hair that serves her as a garment better than her dress of silver tissue. She is very beautiful; she is very lonesome, craving sympathy; the lilies and the incense cast their spell upon the air. There have been few men stronger than Joseph; there have been few women more alluring than Zuleika. Yet the man's strength is greater than all the woman's charms and wiles. He wrests himself from her embrace, leaving his cloak in her hands and flees his temptations.

Upon Potiphar's return his first inquiry is for Zuleika. A handmaiden knocks on the door of her chamber that opens upon the court where the household has assembled to welcome its master home. There is a sound of weeping from within. In answer to a call from her lord, she appears at the doorway, haggard and worn, crying out in hollow, tragic tones:

"He came in unto me to mock me. I lifted up my voice and cried, and he fled and got him away."

It is in the prison we see him next, where, as the Bible says, "the keeper . . . committed to Joseph's hand all the prisoners that were in the prison." In one corner of the courtyard that is edged with the prison cell stands a sphinx-like form towering even above the prison wall. The bit of sky visible from the court suffers all the changes that come as the glow of the burning day gives way to the soothing coolness of the calmer night. The head-butler and the head-butler, Joseph's fellow-prisoners, come forth from their cells, harrowed and racked by dreams, the meaning of which they cannot fathom. The interpretation Jacob's son puts upon them is proven true when Pharaoh summons these two prisoners to appear before his tribunal of justice.

The voice of Asenath is heard chanting a love song to break the stillness of the night. The keeper has prepared a surprise for Joseph—the door in the wall is thrown open and a purple-clad figure enters. Joseph impassioned throws himself at her feet, and as she raises him for embrace, a second veiled figure, which had followed the first, utters a low cry and flees. It was Asenath. Joseph tears the purple veil away. Zuleika, menacing, terrible, stands before him. She calls the guard.

"Who bade thee give this slave his freedom? Into the nethermost pit with him or Pharaoh shall hear of it."

"And it came to pass at the end of two full years that Pharaoh dreamed . . . and he slept and dreamed a second time."

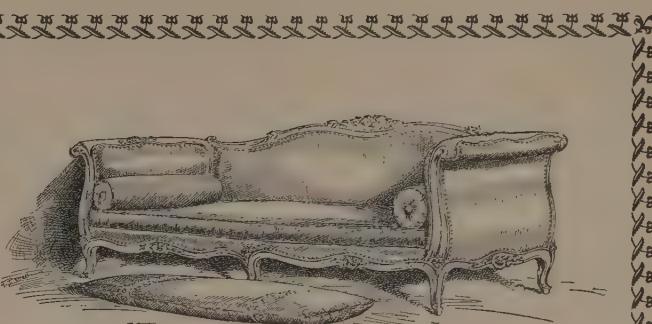
Is there, then, no one who can rightly read a dream? The head-butler, reinstated, is mindful of one in prison with him who had the power. Pharaoh sends for him and Joseph, haggard, gaunt, dazzled by the light of day, comes before him to tell him the meaning of his strange dreams. He even brings proof of his power by predicting the distant events of the moment, quickly substantiated by fleet messengers.

As a reward Pharaoh sets him over all of Egypt, and gives him Asenath as wife.

The years of famine follow, and Jacob's sons go to "the Deliverer" to beg succor. Joseph knows them, but speaks roughly to them. He accuses them of being spies, and to give them a chance to prove themselves true men, has them leave Simeon as hostage with him while they return home to fetch him Benjamin—so great is his desire to see his real brother. When they return the second time he makes himself known to them and there is great rejoicing.

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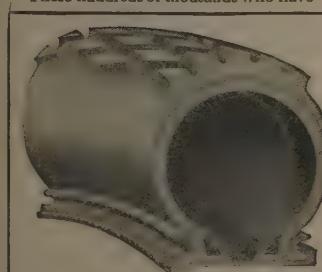
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EUROPE

What's Wrong with the Stage?

(Continued from page vi)

in the hope of duplicating the success of the first play. In the mean time, the dramatist with a good, clean play must persevere until the easily satisfied public tires of salaciousness. Fertility and originality of idea are not two of the assets of the American manager of 1913.

There are, of course, exceptions. The Shuberts have shown astonishing vigor in breaking up the monopoly of the old syndicate. Two of the most prolific producers, Charles Frohman and George C. Tyler, are men of taste and discrimination, and in spite of the variety and extent of their activities their productions attain a high level of excellence. Their failures are numerous, but so are their successes, and whether successful or not their productions reveal an intelligence in their staging which is deplorably lacking in the productions of other of our managers. But both Mr. Tyler and Mr. Frohman attempt too much. Many of their plays deserving a better fate fail because of miscasting and hasty production. Were these men to distribute their tremendous energy and unquestioned ability more wisely upon fewer plays the artistic level of the American theatre would be raised appreciably. If this is the result of applying "business principles" to the stage by two of the best managers in the country it is surprising that the manager with less lofty ideals produces so much nonsense?

If the average theatregoer were asked to name America's foremost producer he would probably answer David Belasco. It has become a maxim that a Belasco play never fails. This is a reputation achieved by hard and unremitting labor, not by mere chance. David Belasco is a dramatic artist from the crown of his head to the tips of his toes, but he is more than that—he is one of the shrewdest and cleverest business men alive. He keeps abreast of the times and even a little ahead. He is ever on the lookout for dramatic material which his ready hand can turn to good advantage. A list of his productions would read like an index to the prevalent thought and fashion of American life. Now it is historical drama, now romance, now the grim realistic play. Politics, the social evil, spiritualism and multiple personality are but a few of the themes he has employed for stage effect. Lavish display or simplicity are equally well presented by this master craftsman.

But Belasco, being human, has his defects. No manager panders to the "public taste" more frequently or to better effect than he. If a play in his opinion is not strong enough to win on its merits, he immediately proceeds to gloss over the "danger points." Many are the ways by which he accomplishes his purpose. Now it is the cheaply comic schoolroom scene in "The Girl of the Golden West," now the abrupt and happy ending of "The Lily," now a scenic tour de force as in the last act of "The Governor's Lady." When it is a case of logic and the truth will not serve this adept stage artist supplies pseudo-realism in place of the genuine article. His productions are often theatrical rather than dramatic. The central idea is too frequently befogged and obscured by an over-elaboration of detail. By such methods he has made a popular success of many a play which in less skillful hands would have failed absolutely.

Yet in spite of these faults it must be remembered that this man has stood sponsor for much that has been the most sincere and striking, the noblest and best in our dramatic art. "The Easiest Way" and "The Concert" have revealed this master of stage production stripped of his defects. Here he could afford to be sincere, so great were the intrinsic merits of each of these plays. Nor must "The Music Master" and "The Girl of the Golden West" be forgotten. They were noteworthy as giving us three of the most gripping performances of this generation—the Von Barwig of Warfield, the Girl of Blanche Bates and the Sheriff of Frank Keenan. Belasco is a queer mixture of the practical, hard-headed business man, the affected poseur and the sincere, lofty, idealistic dreamer. But there can be no doubt that he is a man of tireless energy and marvellous ability, the foremost producing manager in America to-day.

But, if Belasco is the manager of to-day, Winthrop Ames is as surely destined to be the producer of to-morrow. Ames is a new element in the theatrical world. Most of the men who guide the destinies of our stage are self-made and self-educated, but here we have a college man, a man of luxury and refinement, attempting a career in the stage world. Endowed with a university training and several years' experience as director of a stock company in Boston, he was made the head of the most ambitious movement yet attempted for the betterment of the American stage, the New Theatre in New York. Had the circumstances been more propitious he would un-

(Continued on page xv)

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doubtedly have made a brilliant success of the venture. But the odds were too great. Hampered by the board of directors and a divided responsibility he was unable to work out any definite policy for the theatre and a worthy enterprise went down to defeat. But if the New Theatre was a failure, Winthrop Ames was not. In his short term as director he demonstrated anew the fine results to be obtained from a permanent company of players, and in two seasons he introduced more new dramatists to the American public than any other one of our managers had ever done in the same space of time. Mr. Ames is now in possession of his own metropolitan theatre, the Little, with still another under construction. His last season's production, "The Pigeon," by John Galsworthy, proved the value of having a man of fine instincts, high ideals and sound and penetrating discernment in the managerial field. Mr. Ames is a force to be reckoned with in the American theatre. He has the requisite brains and ability, the artistic discrimination and the courage of his convictions which will one day make him our foremost producer of plays.

There is still another force in American management yet to be considered—the actor-manager. This is a genus more common to England than to America, but our stage has not been altogether deprived of his influence in the past. Booth, Barrett, Lester Wallack and Richard Mansfield—all these were actor-managers in their day. It is pleasant to record the fact that the actor-manager is becoming the rule rather than the exception among the leading players of our stage. Sothern and Marlowe, Mrs. Fiske, Henry Miller, Margaret Anglin, William Faversham, and Walter Whiteside are some of the illustrious examples now before the public. The actor-manager has his faults—sometimes he overvalues his own importance and abilities—but on the whole it may be said that the artistic results of the efforts of an actor who directs his own destinies are more considerable than those of the star who is subject to the dictates of a manager. The self-managing star is more apt to depart from the hard and beaten path, he is generally ambitious and he is able to give rein to his ambitions. The stage is distinctly the gainer by his presence, and the results in the past have been most gratifying to serious lovers of the drama. It has been the actor-manager who has made many of the most notable productions of late years. To him we are indebted for "The Great Divide," "The World and His Wife," "Herod," and others too numerous to mention. His plays, as a rule, combine literary with dramatic excellence; they are well produced, and the acting, both individual and ensemble, is of a superior order. It is worthy of note that on becoming managers there has been a perceptible growth in the artistic stature of our stars; the scope of their art has widened and they have displayed powers of expression undreamed of before.

The achievements of these actor-managers and producers like Belasco and Ames will bear careful analysis. Why have these men succeeded where the millionaires of the New Theatre have failed? The answer lies in the fundamental differences in the nature of their appeals. Ames, Belasco and the actor-managers have made their appeal for support to the great theatre-going public; they have produced plays which would amuse people, not educate them. On the other hand, the express purpose of the New Theatre—if the millionaire directors could be said to have any one definite aim—was to elevate the drama, to present plays which would not be suitable for production in the Broadway houses. These well-meaning but inexperienced men overlooked one of the chief canons in dramatic art—*i. e.*, drama must make its appeal to the crowd.

There is much absurd discussion about those worthy plays which are marvels of literary and dramatic expression, but which are limited in their appeal because of their intellectuality. Such an idea is untenable. It is untrue and unsound, as Mr. Clayton Hamilton has carefully pointed out in his able and discriminating work, "The Theory of the Theatre." The appeal of the acted drama is diametrically opposed to that of the essay or the novel. The novel appeals to but a single mind. Not so with the play in performance, which depends for success upon the immediate response of a thousand or more minds, minds which have lost their individuality and are fused during the time of presentation into a single consciousness. Drama is first of all something to be seen, only secondly to be heard. The spoken word is of minor importance. If the reader wish conclusive proof of this, let him go to a moving-picture house. A play must always tell a story; it may stand for an idea—all the great dramas do—but movement and action are vital. If the dramatist can embellish his story by fine writing, so much the better, but his first task is to satisfy the eye of the spectator.

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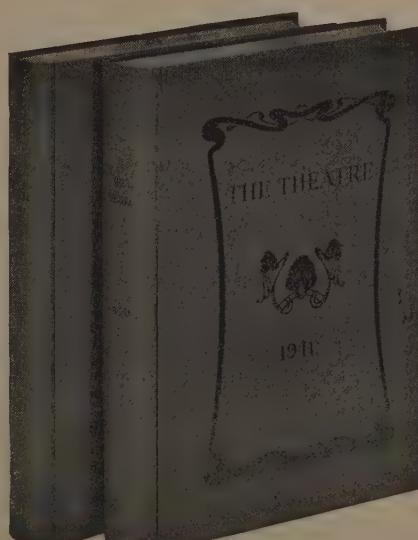
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Students in Interesting Plays

On Jan. 16th the American Academy of Dramatic Arts gave at the Empire the first of their exhibitions of the season. The program announced two short plays in extreme contrast to each other: "The Love Game," a comedy in two acts from the French by Mm. Aderer and Ephraim, and "The Dawn," a poetic fantasy by Lucine Finch.

The little French comedy is conceived and written in the charmingly inconsequential style of the eighteenth century, and the students of the Academy made a laudable effort to suggest what only experienced French actors can succeed in playing. Miss Carree Clarke came nearest to giving an illusion of old-worldliness.

"The Dawn" is a delicate piece of real poetry. There are three scenes and four characters: a Princess, her Handmaid, a Moon Goddess and a Faun. The Moon Goddess seeks the Faun in the woods, where "all day he plays upon his pipes, with none to hear, save wildest woodthings creeping near," and she brings him a human soul. He rebels against the gift, wildly, fiercely, fearfully—until the Goddess hangs around his neck a golden chain with a single pearl, the symbol of the soul. The second scene is laid in the garden of the Princess. The Faun has become a man, a Prince. He meets the Princess and they love. But the Princess sees the chain he wears and playfully asks to have it. His refusal only redoubles her craving, and finally, with a last broken-hearted appeal, he gives her that which made of him a human being. Immediately his faunish nature returns to him, his love has gone with his soul. As the wild thing he was before, but with a sob in his laughter, he runs back into the woods, where he is discovered in the third scene. He endeavors vainly to regain his freedom of spirit and feel again the thoughtless, animal joy of living. But all things are changed to him; even his pipes will yield no more their weird, fantastic music.

The Princess comes into the woods to seek her lover and return the pearl to him. But he will not take it for fear of more suffering.

Miss Wollersen as the Moon Goddess and Miss Lilley as the Princess looked and spoke well. But a special mention must be made of Joseph Schildkraut, who played the part of the Faun. He is a boy of not quite seventeen and the son of the great German character actor Rudolf Schildkraut. He has now finished the junior and senior courses at the Academy and will shortly make his début in the profession. If he remains unaffected by his early success; if he continues to develop his faculties and to grow inwardly, we may expect him to become a great artist.

The second performance by the senior members of the Academy took place on January 23rd. A bright little English comedy, "The Superior Miss Pellender," by Sydney Bowkett, was preceded by "Separation," a one act playlet from the French by Mortimer Delano. The students succeeded in bringing out all the gloom conceived by the author.

The three acts of "The Superior Miss Pellender" were a continuous ray of sunshine and excellent English humor, remarkably well presented by a cleverly selected cast. Miss Madeleine King showed great ability in her acting and her future work should be watched. Giles Lowe was the most delightful half-grown boy one can imagine.

The third matinée took place February 6th, Ibsen's "Pillars of Society" being given. It is difficult even for experienced players to awaken the interest of an American audience in the best of the great Norwegian's dramas. "Pillars of Society" is decidedly one of his weakest, and the students of the Academy are very young. It is all the more to their credit that they should have proven capable of holding the attention of their audience.

To Edward G. Robinson was allotted the arduous task of impersonating Consul Bernick—a man of forty-five, a wealthy shipowner, hard, calculating, unscrupulous, who goes through the entire scale of emotions. Great actors have found the character difficult to interpret. Mr. Robinson is barely twenty years old and of rather small size, yet his Consul Bernick was one of the best portrayals ever given by any of the students. His strong, expressive features and his excellent voice, though of great help to him, would certainly not have proven sufficient to obliterate his physical drawbacks, had he not succeeded in creating with his intellect an impression of bigness, of force and weight for which the average actor has to rely upon his physique.



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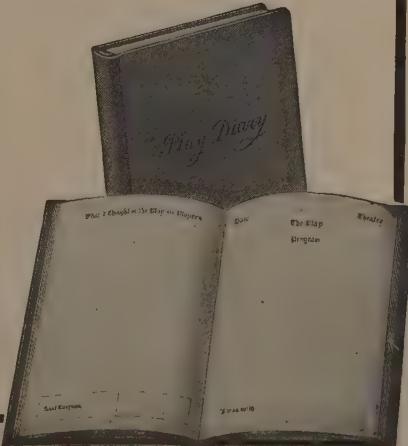
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TIMELY FASHION TALKS



(Fig. 5) THE CHARM OF THE RUSSIAN BLOUSE

The vogue for Russian blouses in various modifications is one of the most interesting spring modes. The blouse in this model could be exploited in "Brocade Crêpe Trianon," or one of the printed crêpe meteors, the long skirt of the plain material sounding the dominant color note. The blouse is delightfully simple with trimmings of the plain material. The yoke is of a fine real lace and matches the sleeves, which are delightfully graceful and pretty. The large Milan straw hat matches in color the blouse, and the brim is softly rolled back in the front and caught by a cluster of exquisitely shaded roses blending with the colors of the blouse. A wreath of ostrich encircles the crown.

PREPARING FOR THE EASTER COSTUMES

WHEN Easter comes before the April sunshine and showers, as it does this year, we must glean some of our inspiration for the early spring costumes from the clothes show at the Riviera. To be sure, the great couturiers of Paris hesitate to exploit any of their really new ideas, but the adaptations of the late winter styles can boast many interesting phases.

One of the most interesting features of the spring modes, which is pretty sure to be inculcated in the final exhibition of spring models, is the combination of plain materials with figured goods of the same color, and the combination of materials of different textures and contrasting colorings. The manufacturers of materials have prepared for this innovation by presenting the plain material with the broche fabric in the same coloring, in woollen, silk and cotton textures. Some of the best-looking street costumes display a skirt of the plain material and a jaunty cutaway jacket of "metalassé" in the same shading with the plain material repeated for the revers and cuffs.

This idea is carried further by the costumes displaying a skirt of striped serge with a jacket of moiré, or a skirt of black and white check goods and a coat of black charmeuse with oddly shaped revers and cuffs of the checked cloth. This fad, by the way, has brought back into favor the good old standbys black and white checks, and also blue and white and brown and white checks, with coats of the plain material and waistcoats of the white fabric. Sometimes, by way of variety, this order is reversed and the plain material is used for the skirt with the jacket of the checked goods. The charm of these combinations is clearly demonstrated by the models shown in the photographs, particularly Figures 1 and 5.

The motif of the early spring modes is similar to that of the winter, namely, drapery. Those who expected to see more fullness in the skirts are doomed to disappointment, for the actual circumference of the skirt, instead of being increased, is decreased, the additional fullness necessary for an untrammelled step being procured either by plaits or by a slashing of the side or front of the skirt. The greatest amount

of fullness now falls between the hips and the knees, the lower portion clinging closely to the figure. This recent innovation has brought into existence a novel flare on many of the new tunics, which is a bit trying unless one has succeeded in banishing all semblance of hips.

A certain freedom is permitted in draping the new skirts; sometimes this drapery appears on the sides, again in the centre-front, but more often in the back. The drapery arranged as in Fig. 2 is very generally becoming; the long line in the front is preserved and the fullness is restrained between the hips and the knees. The drapery in Fig. 4 is also carried well to the back, though a little is allowed to creep toward the centre-front. In both of these models the closely fitting, lower portion of the skirt is noticeable. The extreme suppleness of such materials as the new "Crêpe chinois" and the "Moiré serb" make it possible to retain the slender, clinging silhouette even though liberal drapery is used.

Even the tailored suits are now draped, the tailors not hesitating to drape such materials as velours de laine, rep, ottomans, Bedford cords, poplins and "Needle cord." When drapery is not adopted, plaits are sure to be used. The plaits at the sides have been found to be the most satisfactory, though one finds inset plaits at the back of the skirt near the bottom, and likewise directly in the front. The slashing of the skirt at the side, or in front, is now so universal that it does not cause even the quiver of an eyelid. It is certainly a better idea to give women sufficient freedom to permit graceful locomotion rather than to compel the hobbled, awkward gait of the past two or three seasons.

The new coats are extremely jaunty creations. The tendency, despite the popularity of the Russian blouse, is toward much shorter garments, and it looks very much as if the Eton and bolero were to have their innings. At any rate, many of the new models show a tendency to stop at the waist line, where they may blouse over a belt, though they extend twelve inches or so longer in the back. Even the cutaways are fashioned very much shorter than during the winter, and are cut on broader lines. The extreme



(Fig. 2) A CHARMING STREET FROCK FOR SPRING FROM DRECOLL
This effective model would be charming in "Crêpe Chinois" as a frock to be worn on the street, to luncheons, afternoon tea and such semi-formal functions. The drapery of the skirt is carried well to the back, giving the close-fitting, clinging effect around the feet. The simple little blouse is daintily enhanced with folds of white tulle, arranged in the new V shape, and a rever of crêpe in a contrasting color, which is drawn through a slit in the front. Pearl necklaces are worn in all kinds of ways by the chic Parisienne. The straw hat matches the color of the crêpe and the feathery fantasia blends with the shade of the revers. The Tam o' Shanter crown is of "Malinette," which is crisp and lustrous, even after it is wet.

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bagginess of many of the new coats is an interesting development which has resulted from the general adoption of the Russian blouse. Not only do many of the coats blouse liberally over the belt in front and in back, but at the sides, giving that much-desired slouchy effect.

There are numerous modifications of the genuine Russian blouse. Poiret shows it in all its baggy fullness, and again in an adaptation which displays a cleverly shaped skirt portion little longer than a peplum. The more usual style is that shown in Fig.



(Fig. 8) A HANDSOME AFTERNOON GOWN BY DRECOLL

The new "Moire Serb" is the ideal fabric for a model of this kind, its novel frosted effect showing to excellent advantage on the skirt. The upper part of the waist shows the vogue for transparent materials, and the drapery of chiffon on the sleeves suggests the old-time angel sleeve. The sash, which is such a prominent feature of the new costumes, is finished with a large, loose bow at the side and comparatively short ends.

5, where the blouse fastens at the side and the normal waist line is marked by a belt. Other modifications feature the very low waist line, the wide belt frankly encircling the hips in the manner of the Orient. This style, by the way, is charming on young girls, or women blessed with a slender, lithe figure.

Just a word about the hip sash which is a feature of the corsetless gowns. It is borrowed directly from the East, the source of much of the inspiration for the late winter and early spring modes, and has been adapted largely in its original form. In a more modified style it is shown on nine out of ten of the gowns worn at the Riviera. It may fasten at the side, with long ends finished in embroidery, beads or fringe, or directly in the front, the ends brought together in drapery fashion and caught with a large tulle choux, or again with ends carried to the back, where they fall in some mysterious manner into the back drapery.

It is well to say to her that not only is the Oriental sash fashionable, but all sorts of sashes and sash ends.

The waists of the spring gowns are just as charming and delightfully simple as that shown in Fig. 2. There is almost a Puritanical severity in the simple folds of net or tulle which form the vest of this waist and the dainty ruffled edge outlining one side. These frills, by the way, are no longer accordion plaited, but lightly gathered or Shirred, in the careless manner so prevalent this season, but so very difficult to imitate successfully. Sometimes the vest is simulated by folds, as in this model, but more often it is frankly exploited in lace or a tucked sheer material, as in Fig. 4, with the color note sounded in the buttons or cravat.

The majority of the new sleeves still boast the low shoulder seam, as is also shown in Fig. 4, but there is an unmistakable tendency toward more fullness. The lower part of the sleeve in this same model shows a certain fullness, as it drapes gracefully over the Shirred undersleeve of lace, and there is certainly a suggestion of fullness in the chiffon drapery of the sleeve in Fig. 3. The good old standby, the kimono sleeve, has not been entirely ousted for Drecoll shows it in his fetching spring gown (Fig. 2).

The daring transparency of the upper part of the waist knows no bounds, and we are promised V-shaped, low-necked frocks for the street this coming season. In an evening gown, similar to Fig. 1, the effect is charming, for when one is in evening costume she is generally in an assemblage of men and women of her social set, but on the street, where one may be stared at by the *hoi polloi*, the extreme décolletage, displayed in many of the most recent importations, is in questionable taste. The vogue for the Medici collar may be answerable for this effect, but it is possible to enjoy the Medici collar and the Romney bodice without indulging in an extreme low neck.

One of the well-known shops is making a specialty of the short coatees in brilliant-hued brocaded crépes, such as the "brocade crépe Trianon." These jaunty little creations are semi-fitting, sometimes with sleeves, but quite as often sleeveless, and reach to the hips. The smart little touch is in the trimming of ermine or ostrich banding. They are quite the choicest complement to the lingerie frock, and have come to us straight across the big pond, where the smartly gowned women have been wearing fur-trimmed garments with lingerie frocks for the past two summers.

Speaking of the thin frocks for the summer, one should not overlook the new "D. & J. Anderson Ginghams" which may be fashioned into good-looking trotteur frocks to wear into town on a hot day. These genuine old Scotch ginghams are the best, as their reputation has been growing for the past century. They are woven from the finest Sea Island and Egyptian cotton yarns and the quality has never cheapened, despite the change in conditions of manufacture, during all these years. The reputation for fast colorings, the best of quality, and exclusive designs, which these goods have earned for themselves during all this time, has won for them many enthusiastic admirers. Those in the brilliant and richly colored plaids are very smart when combined with the plain coloring, while those who fear the plaids might not be becoming may choose a stripe or check.

Examine your skin closely

See if the pores have become large and clogged; if it has lost its smoothness; if it has grown colorless.

These conditions of the skin are a natural result of the constant strain imposed upon it during the winter months, when we eat heavy foods and take almost no exercise. Each Spring, the skin needs *refreshing*.

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(Fig. 1) A STUNNING EVENING FROCK BY BUZENET
This effective model would be beautiful developed in "Brocade Crêpe Trianon." The underskirt is of the plain crêpe, matching in color the brocade. The upper part of the corsage is delightfully transparent and shows the charm of the style calling for contrasting sleeves, chiffon being used for one and the brocaded crêpe for the other. The headdress of pearls and aigrettes is decidedly novel.

the clothes marts of the large cities. All the novelties, the smart, little accessories which lend a knowing touch to the well-conceived costume, even the fundamentals of the wardrobe, can be purchased as satisfactorily, often with far less trouble, than by a personal tour of the shops. This fact is worth remembering when you are preparing your spring wardrobe, for why get along with old duds when you may enjoy the latest and newest offerings of the metropolitan shops? And there are such lovely new things in the shops, so unusual, so artistic, and so completely alluring.

The Color Note in the Blouses

If you were making a personal tour of the shops your eye would surely be attracted by the new blouses, for it has been many a season since the shirtwaists have been as cleverly designed, as lovely in coloring, and as appealing in the beauty of material and trimming, as this spring. The all-white blouse has a serious rival in the blouse sounding the color note. This color note may be subtly and faintly sounded as in the fetching new waists of chiffon or lace with an inner lining attached to the waist line and straps of ribbon extending over the shoulders. In form these wisps of lining are reminiscent of the corset-cover or brassière, and, like them, are fashioned from lace, embroidery, or beading, through which ribbon is run. The color of the ribbon glimmering through the sheer outer material of the blouse is simply fascinating. Some of these bewitchingly dainty waists are fashioned from chiffon, accordion plaited, as so many of the new blouses are, while others are developed in one of the fine French laces. It is surprising to find a novelty of this kind priced as low as \$7.95, but the simpler ones can be bought for this price.

The blouses in the new embroidered crêpes are very stunning when worn with the ratine suit, and they are not expensive. A charming model in a creamy tint with tiny pink rosebuds and green leaves scattered all over it can be procured for \$15.50. There is a jaunty little tucked vest of white batiste and trimmings of pink braid to match the rosebuds. Another for \$18.50 is developed in the new bordered ratine, the wide border in bright orange forming the chief trimming. For the ridiculously low sum of \$8.75 you can revel in a dainty little creation of white crêpe with plaited muslin vest edged on either side by triangular-shaped points of rose-colored linen embroidered by hand in white floss. The color note is likewise sounded in a trig. tailored waist of Tosca crêpe with a lavender stripe which can be secured for \$6.75, while for a five-dollar bill you can enjoy a simple, but very dainty, white crêpe waist embroidered by hand.

Bulgarian Colors in the Neckwear

The newest neckwear is fairly ablaze with color; all the brilliant reds and greens and blues and yellows of the Balkan countries are combined in a wonderful array. Despite the crudity of these colorings, they are so perfectly blended that the result is an artistic and harmonious whole. Some of these collars have a net foundation on which the design is worked, while others are in the form of heavy-embroidered lace. The separate collars are sold for \$2.40 up, and the collars with cuffs to match for \$3.95. The addition of a set of this kind will be the making of a suit in neutral coloring, whether fashioned from one of the new silk or woollen materials, or from ratine.

The New Belts

The same color note is sounded in the new belts which are too artistic and lovely to be passed over hurriedly. The vogue for shirtwaists has brought in its train a demand for belts, and the manufacturers have answered this demand in a most interesting manner. Imagine a belt of blue—a rich, greenish-blue—stone

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Translated from the French by HENRY PÈNE DU BOIS

This is the romance in letters of a man and a woman, extremely intelligent and accustomed to analyzing themselves, as Stendhal and Paul Bourget would have them do. They achieved this improbable aim of sentimental love in friendship. The details of their experience are told here so sincerely, so naïvely that it is evident the letters are published here as they were written, and they were not written for publication. They are full of intimate details of family life among great artists, of indiscretion about methods of literary work and musical composition. There has not been so much interest in an individual work since the time of Marie Bashkirseff's confessions, which were not as intelligent as these.

Francisque Sarcey, in *Le Figaro*, said:

"Here is a book which is talked of a great deal. I think it is not talked of enough, for it is one of the prettiest dramas of real life ever related to the public. Must I say that well-informed people affirm the letters of the man, true or almost true, hardly arranged, were written by Guy de Maupassant?

"I do not think it is wrong to be so indiscreet. One must admire the feminine delicacy with which the letters were reinforced, if one may use this expression. I like the book, and it seems to me it will have a place in the collection, so voluminous already, of modern ways of love."

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combined with solid silver, with a curious Eastern-looking buckle and chains of the silver. These belts are made from a certain chemical combination which produces a stone formation similar to jade, and can be bought in various vivid colorings. The belt, just described, costs about nine dollars, while one displaying a glorious purple tint combined with silver can be bought for \$14.50. A lovely one with light-green stones showing an embossed design in gold can be purchased for \$12.50. It would be hard to con-



(Fig. 4) A FETCHING BRIDGE FROCK

A simple but effective gown which may be developed in "Crêpe Chinois," charmeuse, or any of the soft, supple silks. The embroidery may be carried out in silk or wool in the long tapestry stitch and may display all the vivid Bulgarian colorings. The drapery of the skirt is kept well toward the back over the hips. The blouse is made very lovely by the square chemisette of lace matching the shirred lace undersleeves. The sleeve falls slightly full from the low shoulder seam. The dominant color note is repeated in the collar and cravat.

ceive of a more stunning belt to wear with a linen or crêpe costume in white, *café au lait*, sand, or one of the neutral colorings.

Novelties in Gloves

Even if you are not planning for a new Easter costume, you will surely pay your homage to custom and invest in a new pair of gloves. There are real novelties in gloves these days, and if you would be right up to the minute you will need a pair of white kid gloves fastening at the side. These gloves are stitched with black and have a simple little trimming of black at the wrist, and while they are interesting first as a novelty, they can boast practical advantages. They are not expensive, costing only \$2.25. The regulation white kid glove with trimmings of black at the wrist can be bought for \$2, and the white glove with heavy black stitching for \$1.50.

The New Stockings and Shoes

The smartest stockings you can wear with your tailored suit are the black silk ones with clocks consisting of three embroidered strands either in white, royal blue, a vivid purple, or grass green. These designs will be kept exclusive as long as they are only shown on the best grades of silk stockings and sell for \$3.25. The black silk stockings with white embroidered dots can be yours for \$2.95, and for the very modest sum of ninety-five cents you can buy a good grade of silk stocking in black, white, tan, and certain colors, with a dainty little embroidered design.

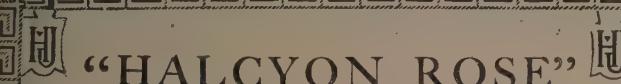
The conservatism of the shoe realm has been broken by the introduction of the fancy tops. The newest shoes boast a top of black velvet with a fine hairline stripe of white, giving a grayish tone, with patent leather for the body of the shoe, and buttons very closely placed of smoked pearl; \$8 is not an expensive price for shoes of this type. For the same price there is a buttoned shoe of scarlet kid to wear with the white frocks which are enhanced with belt and collar, perhaps hat and parasol, in red; a similar style in shantung; also a leather shoe in the shantung coloring, and a gray cloth shoe with the lower part in gray leather of a matching shade. The low shoes for the same price have the upper part in a colored leather, but they all pale beside the stunning new slippers of black and gold brocade which can be worn with gowns of almost any hue.

To Complete the Costume

To add the finishing touches, which as every woman knows mean so much to the *tout ensemble*, there are most effective shadow lace veils in black, black and white, black and flesh color to bring a flush to pale cheeks, and in taupe and brownish tints. The latter shades are now worn quite as much as black or white with hats of various colorings, and are, undoubtedly, a little newer. The shadow lace veils can be bought for seventy-five cents a yard, and the taupe and brown lace veils, with and without the chenille dots, for fifty-five cents a yard.

For the motor, the chinchilla veils, so called because of the crinkled effect produced in the chiffon, are the newest and can be bought in various pretty colorings for \$2.25. One of the most unusual veils is of a coarse white net with a deep edge of shadow lace closely accordian plaited. When the veil is adjusted this border acts like a plaited frill around the neck, and is particularly fetching when worn with a collarless coat or blouse.

You mustn't omit the purse in which to carry the Easter offering, not to mention the handkerchief, vanity case and a hundred and one other things a woman just must have in her purse. You will be able to find room for them all in one of the postillon purses fashioned from black velvet or moiré. This quaint purse is caught in the centre by a ring, which may be slipped on the arm, and opens at either end. It is a charming little accessory for \$3, which is a very small amount.



"HALCYON ROSE"

Talcum Powder

New—Exclusive

HALCYON ROSE Talcum Powder marks an epoch in the development of toilet powders.

It stands alone, unrivalled — the most delicate, the softest, purest and most exquisitely perfumed talcum powder ever offered American women.

It is more expensive than any other talcum powder made — 75 cents a jar — but it is infinitely superior in every way.

You will find Halcyon Rose Talcum Powder in Flesh and White tints at all good shops.

If you are not entirely pleased with it, take it back; the dealer from whom you bought it is authorized by us to refund the purchase price without question.

HANSON-JENKS COMPANY

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The Most Expensive Talcum Powder in the World.

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Hair Goods for the Gentlewoman

THE CHARM and becomingness of Clement hair goods and coiffures lie in the clever adaptation of Fashion's dictates to the wearer's needs.

An exclusive variety of the latest styles in hair goods and ready-made coiffures is now ready for inspection.

An unusually fine selection of hair ornaments, combs, pins, barettes, perfumes, etc., which will delight the fastidious woman, has just been imported from Paris.

Liquid Henna

is a recent discovery of mine which beautifully colors the hair. It is absolutely harmless and can be applied without aid. Success guaranteed. Price, \$2.00.

I also have a coloring that will permanently dye the eyebrows. Price, \$2.00.

Spacious, airy rooms with *natural daylight* for application and rectifications of hair coloring by French experts only.

Visitors are welcome to advice and suggestions. Booklet sent on request.



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New Spring Model

Misses' Russian Blouse Dress

OF SILK CREPE DE CHINE in navy, black, white, peony, brick, cafe au lait, taupe, copenhagen or brown; collar and cuffs of embroidered batiste, crushed silk belt in contrasting color, large novelty buckle and buttons; waist silk lined. Sizes 14 to 20 years	}	29.50
Value \$39.50.		

SAME MODEL OF EPONGE of washable eponge, in white, copenhagen, rose, leather or golden amber, with crushed silk belt in contrasting color.	}	18.50
Value \$24.50.		

SAME MODEL OF SERGE in navy, black or white English serge, with crushed silk belt in contrasting color.	}	18.50
Value \$24.50.		

*Spring and Summer Fashion Book
"CORRECT DRESS"*

Mailed out-of-town upon application to Dept. T.



VOGUE

You may not need Vogue the whole year. But you do need the next five numbers—now that the time for new Spring clothes is at hand. In these five numbers you will find Vogue a complete guide to a Spring wardrobe of individuality, distinction and correctness.

Vogue may be a luxury at other times, but these five Spring Fashion numbers coming at the moment when you are planning to spend hundreds of dollars on the very things they describe is a straightforward, self-supporting, business economy.

Remember, please, that Vogue for a whole year

would cost you but a tiny fraction of the waste on a single ill-chosen hat or gown. And that any one of these five numbers may possibly save you a whole series of such expensive and mortifying mistakes. Vogue's expert advice during these weeks of planning, therefore, amounts practically to Spring Clothes INSURANCE.

Here are the five special Spring Fashion Numbers that you ought to have to secure this insurance, and the dates on which they will appear on the newsstands.

FORECAST OF SPRING FASHIONS

The earliest authentic news of the Spring mode.

February 10th

SPRING PATTERNS

Working models for one's whole Spring and Summer wardrobe.

February 25th

DRESS MATERIALS AND TRIMMINGS

How the Spring models shall be developed.

March 10th

SPRING MILLINERY

The newest models in smart hats, veils and coiffures.

March 25th

SPRING FASHIONS

The last word on Spring gowns, waists, lingerie and accessories.

April 10th

You can get any one or all five of these numbers from your newsdealer. Order now—the very next time you pass the stand. Any newsdealer will tell you that the increased demand for Vogue just now makes it probable that those who fail to reserve in advance will be likely to miss the very numbers they want most. For your convenience a handy memorandum blank is printed below. All you have to do is to check—tear off—and hand it to any newsdealer. He will be glad to save your copies.

Mr. NEWSDEALER. Please reserve for me, as they appear, one copy each of	the numbers of VOGUE I have checked below:
	Forecast of Spring Fashions
	Spring Patterns
	Dress Materials and Trimmings
	Spring Millinery
	Spring Fashions
Name and Address:	Feb. 15
	March 1
	March 15
	April 1
	April 15

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is Cleanliness."



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NAIAD DRESS SHIELDS

add the final assurance of cleanliness and sweetness. They are a necessity to the women of delicacy, refinement and good judgment.

Naïad Dress Shields are hygienic and scientific. They are absolutely free from rubber with its unpleasant odor. They can be quickly sterilized by immersing in boiling water for a few seconds only. The only shield as good the day it is bought as the day it is made.

At stores or sample pair on receipt of 25c. Every pair guaranteed.

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Surgeon-Chiropody and Expert Manicuring

The New Plays

(Continued from page 68)

without training from life. If the Irish Players do nothing more than help to restore simplicity in writing and acting their visit will have accomplished much in the direction of the needs of our stage.

FULTON. "THE UNWRITTEN LAW." Melodrama in four acts by Edwin Milton Royle. Produced on February 7th.

The unwritten law is a very uncertain thing to go by. It has no universal force, is not recognized by all the courts, and is always subject to the revision of the written law. In the facts in the case of Mrs. Kate Wilson, who put a knife into Larry McCarthy, she probably was justified; but that is not so easy to prove, either to a jury of twelve or twelve hundred. Our sympathies are undoubtedly aroused in her behalf. Mr. Royle has written a good play in "The Unwritten Law." It is filled with comedy and touches of untroubled sentiment of such quality and quantity that would make the fortune of any play not otherwise over-weighted with misery.

THIRTY-NINTH STREET. "THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY." Play in four acts by Arthur Wing Pinero. Produced on February 3d.

Mrs. Leslie Carter's performance of Paula in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," was an interesting event. Her distinction was gained in more showy and less emotional plays. In coming into comparison with other Paulas she suffers no material loss in public credit, and yet an often acted part has its disadvantages for use for the best of actors after an adequate standard has been set by the original possessor of the part. In the matter of artistry Mrs. Carter is superior to Mrs. Patrick Campbell, and in emotion she strikes a truer note than Miss Nethersole, who, however, is effective enough. Comparisons are really not called for. Mrs. Carter's performance is not a finished one, but being at times theatrical and in other passages very true and impressive. In the supreme moments of the action she gathers her forces and acts with thrilling intensity and effect. Thus, in the scene of her first meeting with Ardale and later in her farewell speech to Audrey, when she realizes that her power over him is gone and that fate has cut the ground from under her, she brought home to us the lesson of the play.

WEBER AND FIELDS. "THE MAN WITH THREE WIVES." Operetta in three acts by Franz Lehár. Produced on January 23d.

The local adapters of these foreign farces seem to have lost their cunning. There is little wit in the piece, nor do the lyrics sparkle with anything approaching Attic salt. The piece is handsomely mounted, three elaborate sets being needed to set off its happenings. The cast and chorus is a large one, and much money and good taste have been expended in dressing up the handsome young women in elaborate and becoming gowns.

THIRTY-NINTH STREET. "THE WOMAN OF IT." Play in three acts by Frederick Lonsdale. Produced on January 14th.

"The Woman Of It," by Frederick Lonsdale, is a pleasing little comedy of philandering, of the kind that is always innocent in the results of vagrant love-making when written by an Englishman, and always naughty when written by a Frenchman. We are pleased to believe that the English husband in pursuit of his neighbor's wife is always foiled by a complication of farcical happenings. The incidents are playful and harmless and amusing. Miss Janet Beecher and Miss Josephine Brown as the wives, and Mr. Dallas Anderson and Mr. Cyril Scott as the husbands, were the four principals who carried the diverting comedy to success.

VICTORIA. "LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT." At Hammerstein's Victoria, on February 15th, an interesting experiment was tried, a one act play, serious and religious in tone, being introduced in a program of variety acts. The innovation was a decided success, the play being received with an approval and applause greater than is accorded to the acrobats and the slapstick performers. It is entitled, after one of the most touching of religious songs, "Lead, Kindly Light," and written by John Lait. The effectiveness of the little play is not diminished perhaps by the reflection that its similarity with parts of Sheldon's "Salvation Nell" is striking.

Malcolm Williams played the pickpocket well and Beatrice Maud was sympathetic and effective as the Salvation lassie.

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50 cts per case—6 glass-stoppered bottles

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The Duchess of Marlborough Recommends



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This is the Hair Tonic used by Kate Seaton Mason, the noted English Hair Specialist in treating the hair of the Vanderbilt family, Duchess of Marlborough, Mme. Melba and the leading society women of New York, London and Paris, who testify to its superiority for thin, falling, weak, brittle, splitting and dead-looking, lusterless hair.

Mrs. Mason's Old English SHAMPOO CREAM

Makes Hair Look Twice as Thick as It Really Is—Soft, Fluffy, Lustrous. This pure antiseptic shampoo, made from tonic, cleansing herbs is unequalled to cleanse and invigorate the hair and scalp, remove dandruff, dust, excess oil, irritation, and together with the Hair Tonic makes a complete treatment that insures perfect hair and scalp health.

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now made of VITALIZED RUBBER
—a new process of toughening
pure rubber



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A tire made of pure rubber only would fail to give the necessary mileage because it would not be *tough* enough to withstand road usage. And a tire containing too little pure rubber would not have the necessary staying qualities.

Our chemists have discovered how to scientifically toughen pure rubber by a new process. The result is additional mileage for you. The pure rubber we use comes direct from the trees of the tropics—it is fresh and contains all the vitality of youth—it is elastic and easy riding. Then we toughen this pure rubber so as to give it the necessary vitalizing, wearing, *more mileage* quality.

This scientific process has been vainly sought after for years by tire makers. After 15 years of successful tire making we have solved the problem—and you enjoy the benefit of our really wonderful discovery in "Diamond" Vitalized Rubber Tires.

Add to this the Diamond proven principles of proper construction—nothing inferior in rubber, fabric or workmanship—and you have as perfect a tire as money can buy.

Here is a combination of easy riding and more mileage advantages you can't get in any other tire today—*Vitalized Rubber, Perfect 3-Point Rim Contact, No-Pinch Safety Flap* for inner tube protection, and, if you wish, the now famous Safety (Squeegee) Tread—made to fit all types of rims.

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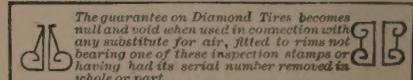
No-Pinch Safety Flap absolutely protects the inner tube

The No-Pinch Safety Flap that comes in every Diamond (No-Clinch) Tire will reduce your inner tube bills—because it forms a substantial wall separation between the inner tube and the rim, making it impossible for the inner tube to be pinched or cut under the rim, or injured by rim rust.

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Diamond Safety (Squeegee) Tread for Automobiles, Motorcycles and Bicycles





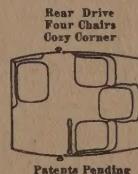
Note the Arrangement of these Low, Separate, Spacious Pullman Chairs

How, of the forward facing chairs, the center one is dropped slightly back of the other two, to afford ample, restful, shoulder and elbow room—

—with the fourth, a "cozy corner" in front at the right, as comfortable in every respect as are the three forward seats.

The two side chairs, placed away from the back, provide convenient parcel space and permit the wearing of large hats without the discomfort of striking the brim or breaking or spoiling trimmings.

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Goes anywhere a gas car goes, is a splendid hill climber, with speed and mileage greater than city and suburban driving ever requires.

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